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MAY 18, 1970

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When it's time to replay the day taste is the name of the game

Imperial

The extra step whiskey that's just a sip smoother than the rest.

Hilton International. Different as the country it's in.

Different as a choice of five restaurants and five bars in one hotel—the London Hilton. The only hotel in England that gives you so much variety for exclusive wining and dining.

Different as the walls of Levantine marble in the lobby of the Castellana Hilton... where Madrid gathers for its social cocktail hour.


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Different as Le Toit de Paris, a step away from the Eiffel Tower... one of the finest dining spots in Paris—at the Paris Hilton, of course.

Different as the breathtaking view you'll get from the privacy of your room at the Cavalieri Hilton... where all Rome lies before you.

Different as the unique sliding roof of the Berlin Hilton's Roof Garden—where you'll have tea and cocktails or dinner and dancing.

Different as En Plein Ciel, 27 floors up in the Brussels Hilton—where you'll dine, dance and enjoy a spectacular panorama of the city below.

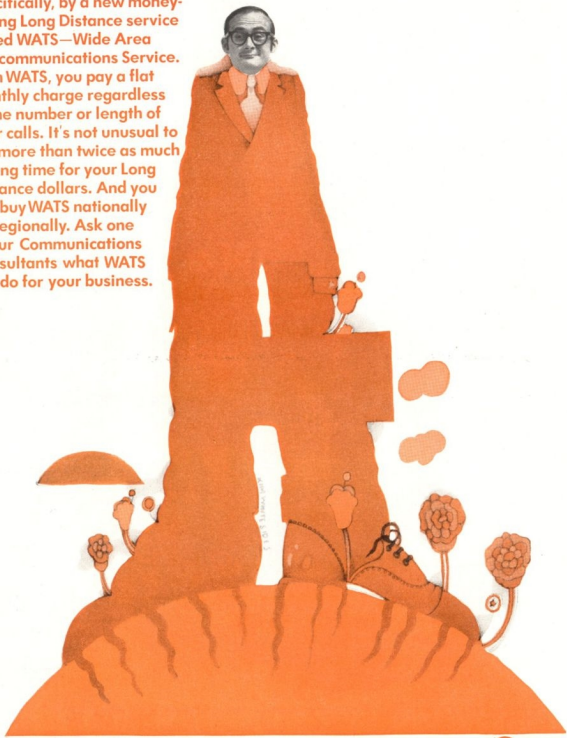
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without pulling up your roots

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called WATS—Wide Area
Telecommunications Service.
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your calls. It's not unusual to
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calling time for your Long
Distance dollars. And you
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or regionally. Ask one
of our Communications
Consultants what WATS
can do for your business.



Loyalists' Oath

"I think we should
always stay with
Ballantine's Scotch,
don't you?"

"I do."



*The more you know about Scotch,
the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.*



Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND.
86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

David's IQ is 145.

He just flunked out of college.

And he didn't do much better in high school either. As a matter of fact, his teachers told you that he wasn't producing for many years. He always was promising to do better next semester, but next semester never came.

It's easy to look back at his performance and to understand what happened. He set it up to fail. He never did any homework outside of the class, and when he was in the classroom he spent most of his time doodling or looking out the window. He had an excuse for every poor grade he ever had. But so did the majority of the 500,000 students who failed out of college last year.

When you look at the track record David's future looks pretty bleak. But we don't think that David's is a hopeless case. The various members of the Educational Resources professional staff have published about a dozen studies in their respective professional journals since 1963. These studies all say that there is a pretty good chance of helping David if certain assumptions are made.

David's parents have to accept the responsibility to identify David as an underachiever. That's because David

can't deal with responsibility. Responsibility and underachievement are concepts that are foreign to each other.

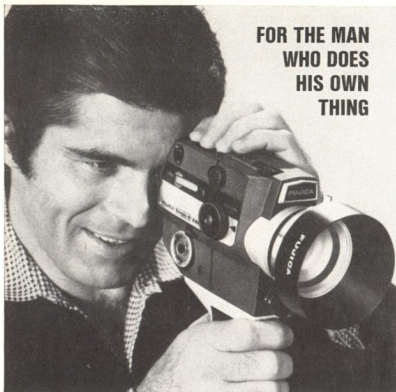
David's parents have to value achievement, because David fears success. In David's mind, achievement is a pretty threatening issue. It represents some things that David has been avoiding for many years. Things like vocational choice, commitment, independence (real, not verbal), and most threatening of all, the future.

David's parents have to accept the fact that they are not to blame for his underachievement. They didn't hold a gun to his head and tell him not to produce. But they also have to accept the fact that David's underachievement is a rather serious problem and one that they cannot solve for him.

David's parents have to seek professional help for David. They must seek out a competent professional person who can help them understand in *specific* terms why David is underachieving and then recommend a *specific* treatment of choice for David.

At Educational Resources we work with students like David. 973-2115. **Educational Resources.**





FOR THE MAN WHO DOES HIS OWN THING

The world's most versatile instant load movie camera.

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If you've been thinking of getting a movie camera, you owe it to yourself to see a demonstration of the Fujica Z-600.

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LETTERS

Court of Last Appeal

Sir: To describe Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas as "something of a folk hero to the young" (April 27) is to understate the issue. Justice Douglas is the major spokesman within the Establishment in America for individual freedom, and it now seems ludicrous that the political bullies should be planning a political show trial aimed at him. If he is removed from his seat on the High Court, millions of young people will know that the militant Weathermen are right, that America is totally gone as a free country, and that it may as well be put to rest quickly.

LOWELL PONTE

Los Angeles

Sir: You make the seriously misleading statement that "a number of conservatives have been talking about impeaching William O. Douglas for ideas that many regard as radical."

Investigation of William O. Douglas that may lead to his impeachment is not for his "ideas" at all but solely with respect to his actions, sometimes individually and sometimes with others.

Specifically to be looked into are his publishing for pay of written statements in books and magazines encouraging unrest, violence and even revolution. Also, activities that may or may not consist of practicing law or receiving compensation for activities contrary to standards applicable to the judiciary by statute and rules of the Bar. His ideas and his personal life are his own business—but the House of Representatives cannot fail to investigate to determine whether or not the facts warrant impeachment in these circumstances.

LOUIS C. WYMAN, Representative

First District, New Hampshire
Washington, D.C.

Sir: The judicial opinions of Mr. Justice Douglas have consistently and implicitly reaffirmed the sacredness of personal liberty. His compassionate regard for individual rights in an age of creeping Orwellian conformity is reassuring to those of us who are apprehensive of the Administration's plans to "bring us together."

That Mr. Douglas prefers not to pattern his private life after the neo-Victorian vogue prevailing in Washington is understandable. That Mr. Douglas abhors crass censorship in the puritan tradition of Increase Mather is not only praiseworthy but also healthy.

ROBERT K. HENDRICKS

Hillsboro, Ore.

Sir: Re Justice Douglas's use of George III as a "symbol of revolution": What he and most advocates or practitioners of violence seem to forget is the use of that great weapon against injustice or obsolete laws, the vote. It was unknown to the revolutionaries who suffered under taxation without representation.

We wonder how many rioting, usually youthful, destroyers of property and disturbers of the peace, who are 21 years old (soon 18) and over, use this powerful and responsible weapon?

(Mrs.) B.B. WALKER

Boston

Sir: Justice Douglas's *Points of Rebellion* is comparable to the writings of Burke, Hume and Locke—Englishmen who brought attention to the need for reform. Britain ignored the pleas and warnings,

"Some people say all vodkas
are alike.

Wolfschmidt's won 33 medals
that say otherwise."

"I'll drink to
that!"

Frankfort Distillers Co. New York N.Y. 10022. Made from grain, 80 and 100 proof. Product of U.S.A.



Wolfschmidt.

The genuine vodka with all the medals.

NATURAL GAS ENERGY...THE NUTRITIONIST



**Before long,
starving people may be
able to "eat" natural gas to
get their protein.**



Last night, more than 1½ billion people went to bed hungry enough to eat a horse. Literally. Because they had little or no meat, fish, eggs or any other adequate source of protein... the nutritional ingredient that's necessary to keep body and soul together.

What the world needs is a faster, easier, less expensive way to produce protein.

And maybe the world has it... in natural gas. The same gas that warms and cools your home, cooks your food and dries your clothes. It may be the richest, lowest cost source of protein ever discovered.

Research, backed by Northern Illinois Gas Company, has uncovered a process which changes gas into a powder that's

almost pure protein. At a cost much lower than the lowest cost protein available today. What's more, this gas protein is naturally rich in Vitamin B₁₂, another vital ingredient that's missing in many diets.

Soon, people in underdeveloped areas may be able to get all the protein and B₁₂ vitamins they need by simply adding a little white powder to whatever food is available.

Better nutrition for a hungry world... just one of the exciting things to come from natural gas energy.

There's a lot more coming from natural gas energy.

**Northern Illinois
Gas Company**

R3

Say no more. Mumm's the word.



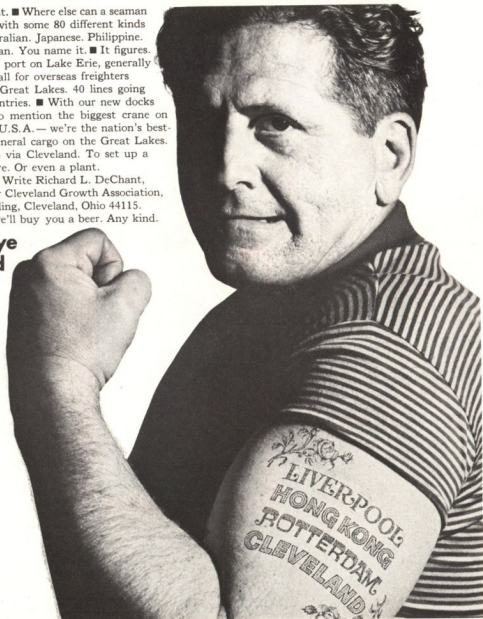
Cordon Rouge Brut, Vinlage, Mumm's Extra Dry.

Imported by General Wine and Spirits Company,
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Cleveland? Damn right. ■ Where else can a seaman find a waterfront bar with some 80 different kinds of imported beer? Australian. Japanese. Philippine. Spanish. Greek. Tahitian. You name it. ■ It figures. Cleveland is *the* world port on Lake Erie, generally first and last port of call for overseas freighters doing business on the Great Lakes. 40 lines going to 140 ports in 70 countries. ■ With our new docks and terminals — not to mention the biggest crane on the north coast of the U.S.A. — we're the nation's best-equipped handler of general cargo on the Great Lakes. It makes sense to ship via Cleveland. To set up a distribution facility here. Or even a plant. May we tell you more? Write Richard L. DeChant, Vice President, Greater Cleveland Growth Association, Union Commerce Building, Cleveland, Ohio 44115. Or come visit us and we'll buy you a beer. Any kind.

**Keep your eye
on Cleveland**





A 400 year old
English tradition that
became the first name
for the martini.



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and the American Revolution resulted. I teach history and sometimes think it is a waste of time. Instead of learning from past mistakes, we repeat them.

RUS PURIFOY

El Paso

Seeing Them in Church

Sir: You say, "Sure enough, Apollo 13 . . . yielded little for the \$380 million spent on it" [April 27]. Why is the expense of the space program always referred to as a waste of money? This program through the years has given employment—directly and indirectly—to thousands of Americans. Its byproducts are immeasurable in the technological advances made by industry.

Not only has the space program done much for science, it has also boosted our economy, our technology and our sagging patriotic spirits. And with the recovery of Apollo 13—who knows—even church attendance may go up.

MRS. JOSEPH L. DE GROOT

Plainfield, Ill.

Sir: Your overdone account of the astronauts' brush with death is completely unrealistic. We lose brave men in the service every day, specifically due to "equipment failure" of one type or another. Yet their deaths are hardly noticed, except by their families. What's so different about an equipment failure in space? What is so important about this experimental gimmickry?

R.M. NEWBY

Bethesda, Md.

Sir: Nobody's mentioned it yet, but it seems to me that the possibilities of sabotage or attack by an alien spaceship are not remote.

If this sounds like fantasy, so did a trip to the moon not ten years ago.

ONEK RAMUKJAN

Dartmouth, N.S.

Crusaders or Kidnapers?

Sir: Now let me get this straight—in order to be pro-survival-of-the-world, at least according to many Earth Day orators [May 4], you must be against President Nixon, anti-Establishment, for an immediate pullout from Viet Nam and against the space program. Well, I believe in a just victory in Viet Nam. I approve of the President. I am part of the Establishment, and I see the sole survival of mankind as entirely dependent on colonizing new worlds via the space program. But I also deeply believe in ecology and conservation.

So, since the Joz McCarthys of the Old and New Left have kidnaped this crusade, with their required list of rigid opinions you must hold on all subjects, where does this leave me?

WILLIAM B. KNOWLTON

Captain, U.S.A.F.

Manhattan

Hung-Up for Relief

Sir: Talk about selling an image. Since the Mitchells have taken unto themselves a p.r. lady for Martha [April 20], I have seen a glamorous picture of her, read that her mail is on a 300 to 1 ratio in her favor, and learned from one of the Washington soirées break their necks getting to her—so charming is she. Wow! She still talks too much, out of turn, and is a menace to

Easy care
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No one does it
like Haspel.



Suits \$65 and \$70; sport jackets \$50 at fine stores everywhere. Slightly higher in the west. Haspel Bros., Inc., New Orleans, U.S.A.

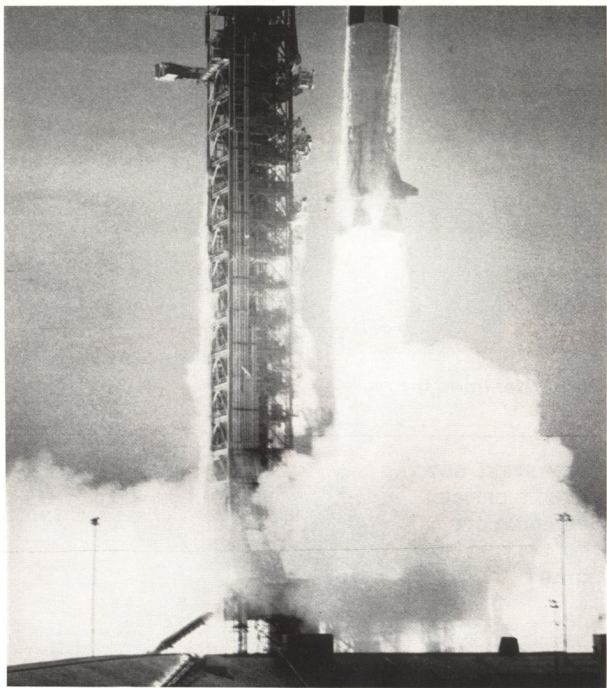
A man has at least a few moments a day
to feel as though he owned the world.

Pinch 12 years old

BY HAIG & HAIG

It isn't an extravagance if it can make the
world yours.





**Once again, man is on his way to the moon.
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are on hand to chronicle the event. At each
Apollo launch, 7 out of every 10 cameras
have been Nikons. The same Nikon F
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Steelmet closes the re-generation gap



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If you are having trouble landing interim or construction financing . . . or any of the other mortgage banking services offered by B. B. Cohen & Co., put Tom Steel at the controls. He'll help get your project off the runway.

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the current Administration—unless they are really hung-up for comic relief.

S. WEISS

Elkins Park, Pa.

Children in Trouble

Sir: You treated pretty lightly a valuable suggestion by Dr. Arnold Hutschnecker for preventing juvenile delinquency [April 20]. "Emotional neglect" of children by parents, aggravated by unperceptive teachers, poses the greatest problem that juvenile judges face in their attempts to help children in trouble. These emotionally disturbed children make up the group from which our juvenile delinquents and adult criminals come.

Dr. Hutschnecker's suggestion has a lot more merit than you ascribed to it. It wouldn't label these children pre-delinquent; it would only advise us that these are children in trouble, for these children are as likely to develop neuroses or psychoses as they are to exhibit criminal tendencies. The idea is not new.

Awareness of the emotional problems of the children in our court and attempts to help them have certainly shown results. In nearly six years only one of our former wards has gone to prison out of at least 700 children. To recognize and treat these rejected, hostile children is our only real hope of reducing our skyrocketing crime rate.

DONALD M. HABERMEHL
Judge of Probate

Alpena County
Alpena, Mich.

Not to Praise Him

Sir: Two of the acts for which you accord praise to Prime Minister Trudeau in

MOVING?

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4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE.

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If your Scotch isn't aged
for eight full years...if it
doesn't have a rich, smooth,
honest Scotch flavor...
then try Grant's 8.
Since 1887, we've made
Grant's 8 in the same
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for us, that's the only
way. So, if you've been
settling for just Scotch...
taste the difference...

Grant's 8 Scotch... as long as you're up.

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AN AMAZINGLY RAPID AND EFFECTIVE NEW WAISTLINE REDUCER

The Incredible New SAUNA BELT™

GUARANTEED TO TAKE FROM 1 TO 3 INCHES OFF YOUR WAISTLINE IN JUST 3 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED!

SAUNA BELT—the first really new idea in slenderizing in years produces sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline—for men or women—and without the need for dieting. Users report unbelievable results like these—results which speak for themselves: **BOB BUTLER:** "The Sauna Belt has helped me to melt the inches away—2 inches off my waistline the first time I used it—a total loss of 4 inches in 6 days."

MRS. IRENE JOHNSON: "I decided to try your Sauna Belt and I think it is great. Waistline before using Sauna Belt: 27 inches. Waistline after Sauna Belt: 22½ inches."

KARL HOAGLAND: "Always a great skeptic — for the first time a product did what it claimed. Using the Sauna Belt twice in one week, I lost 2½ inches from my waistline. A 'Blue Ribbon' for Sauna Belt."

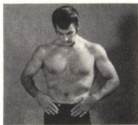
WHAT IS THIS SENSATIONAL NEW "SAUNA BELT"? The Sauna Belt is made from a special non-porous plastic material. It is completely different from any other belt on the market that makes waist reducing claims. The Sauna Belt is placed around your waist, directly against the body, and then by use of the special tube provided, the belt is inflated—just like blowing up a balloon. As the belt is inflated it will tighten itself around your waist and you will notice a snug, comfortable feeling of warmth and support throughout your waistline and lower back. After the belt is in place and inflated, you will then perform the two 'magic' waistline reducing exercises specially adapted for use with this remarkable belt. This will take just a few minutes and then you will relax, while leaving the belt in place on your waist, for another 20 minutes or so. That is all there is to it. This inflated belt is specially designed to provide resistance to the movements and to provide heat and supporting pressure to every area of your waist—back, front and sides—and when you remove the belt—voilà!—a tighter, firmer waistline from which the excess inches are already beginning to disappear.



1. Slip the belt around your waist—inflate—and you are ready to do your two 'magic' waist reducing exercises: 5 to 10 minutes.



2. After your exercises, you simply relax for about 20 minutes while keeping the belt around your waist.



3. Then remove the Sauna Belt. Your waist will already feel tighter and trimmer. Many persons have lost an inch or more the very first day.

HOW LONG MUST I USE THE SAUNA BELT? That depends on your goals—how many inches you want to lose from your waistline and the rate at which your body responds. Each person's body make-up is different, therefore the degree of loss will vary with individuals. It is recommended that you use the belt for a few minutes each day for 3 days in a row when you first get the belt and then about 2 or 3 times a week until you have achieved your maximum potential for inch loss. After that, for waistline maintenance, you can use the belt about twice a month, or as often as you feel the need. **Many, many people lose an inch or more the very first day they use the belt. There are those who have lost as much as 3 inches on their waistlines from just one session with this 'magic' belt.** The results from the Sauna Belt have been dramatic, to say the least, but whatever speed and degree of inch loss your particular metabolism allows you with this belt, remember **entire purchase price will be immediately refunded.**

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT... AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$9.95. Nothing else that we have tried, nothing else that we have seen, nothing else that we know of can give the sensationally rapid results in reducing the waistline as does the incredible new Sauna Belt.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. We are so convinced that the Sauna Belt is the fastest,

surest, most convenient, most comfortable, most sensationally effective waistline reducer ever discovered that we offer this unconditional Money Back Guarantee:

Man or woman, if your waistline is not 1 to 3 inches smaller after using the Sauna Belt for only 3 days, you may simply return the belt to us and your money will be refunded promptly and without question. So if you want a trimmer, slimmer, firmer, tighter waistline and you want it now—send for your Sauna Belt today and discover what a remarkable difference it can make in the way you look and the way you feel. It will be the best investment in your appearance you will ever make.

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SAUNA BELT INC., P.O. BOX 3984, Dept. 115-San Francisco, CA 94119
Please send me the Sauna Belt along with complete easy to use instructions. Including the two 'magic' reducing exercises I understand that if I do not return the belt to you, I will receive my money back line in just 3 days.
For each Sauna Belt and complete instructions I enclose \$9.95.
Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ (No COD's)
If you wish your Sauna Belt added Air Mail to you, add \$64 (per belt) for additional postage.
Man: waist size _____ Woman: waist size _____
Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

"The Sober Swinger" [April 27] are open to diametrically opposite interpretations.

His "modernizing the mechanisms of government" has resulted in limiting debate on any bill in the Commons to a maximum of ten days, thus giving himself and his liberal majority virtual dictatorial power in the passing and rejection of proposed legislation. This is a rather odd way of achieving the "participatory democracy" he promised at election time.

The plan of "paying farmers to slash their wheat production by some 90% this year" is something less than rational and humane for the leader of a country where thousands of Metis, Indians, Eskimos and urban and rural poor are suffering and dying from malnutrition.

JEFF BARNARD

Scarborough, Ont.

Omen for Optimists

Sir: While Vienna's Belvedere Palace may have an ominous significance for pessimistic observers of the SALT talks [April 20], the optimists need not despair of a positive omen for fruitful negotiations. It was at Belvedere in 1955 that the Soviet Union made one of the most important concessions of the post-World War II period by agreeing with the U.S., Britain and France to the reunification of Austria as a sovereign neutral nation.

SID DISHER JR.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Protesting the Percentage

Sir: You wonder why antiwar protesters "pick on" G.M., since "last year it re-

ceived only 3% of its \$24.45 billion revenues from defense contracts . . ." [April 27]. If G.M.'s revenues were to triple, we would only be talking about 1% if they declined to \$2.445 billion, defense contracts would be yielding 30% of the total. Playing games with percentages may obscure but does not obliterate the fact that for helping prosecute a questionable, counterproductive war, G.M. took in \$733.5 million. That may be small change in G.M.'s back pocket, but it sure can spread a lot of unnecessary death around. It is this latter point that the protesters, but apparently not TIME, have noted.

ROBERT F. CLARK

Atlanta

Charney's Greenhouse

Sir: May I, in fairness, point out a number of omissions in your otherwise excellent review of the Charney total hip replacement [April 27]. Charney himself must be credited with developing the sterile-air chamber for surgery more than ten years ago at Wrightington, not just the suction mask as your article intimated. Dr. Bechtol's excellent design is based on Charney's original "greenhouse."

Since July 1966, when I had the privilege of introducing Charney's operation in this country, many centers have adopted it, including Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in New York, Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, the University of Illinois Hospitals in Chicago, the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, and Massachusetts General and New England Baptist hospitals in Boston. It would be less than fair to omit mention of these major teach-

ing institutions that remain in the van of orthopedic practice in this country.

MARK G. LAZANSKY, M.D.
Attending Orthopedic Surgeon

Hospital for Joint Diseases
Manhattan

Late Date

Sir: I thank you for your marvelous article [April 27], and let's make a date for ten years from now to see which Tchakovsky is on television. Incidentally you forgot the one in giving cost of film; it was closer to \$12 million than \$2,000,000.

DIMITRI TIOMKIN

London

Dedication to Transformation

Sir: The reviewer of Professor X's (Daniel Boorstin) *The Sociology of the Absurd* [April 13] missed what is probably the most delightful point of satire against society found in the book: the dedication "To Dick and Gloria Dorson—Motif No. D132." Professor Dorson is director of the Folklore Institute at Indiana University, and D132 refers to a unit of classification—the motif—used by folklorists in breaking down tales into component parts for analysis. Motif No. D132 is "transformation man to ass."

JOHN MESSENGER
Professor

Folklore Institute
Indiana University
Bloomington, Ind.

Address Letters to TIME, TIME & LIFE Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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A letter from the PUBLISHER

Henry Luce

IN addition to its regular staff of correspondents, TIME's news-gathering network includes 26 part-time correspondents—or stringers, as we call them—on college cam-puses across the U.S. Until recently, the job required only occasional reporting to New York, most often about the mood on campus or some development in the field of educa-tion. "An assignment was something of an event," recalls Cornell Stringer Mark Katz. "It broke the monoton-y and helped the exchequer." Today, things are quite different. With campus unrest a major fact of American life, hardly a week goes by when TIME's stringers are not called upon to report on the activi-ties of students, professors and ad-ministrators. Indeed, our campus stringers provided much of the reportage for this week's cover story on the waves of protest and dissent crashing over the U.S.

Many of them are editors of student newspapers. All are deeply in-volved in campus activities, and are thus in a position to report for TIME with special sensitivity and immedi-acy. Yet for the stringer, a particular difficulty lies in reconciling the dual role of student and journalist. Berke-ley's Stringer Mark Gladstone is also assistant city editor of the *Daily Californian* and deeply committed to the strike on campus. "Staying objective is obviously impossible," he says. "The dilemma is to realize your bias and cover the event as fairly and completely as you can." Nev-ertheless, adds Yale Stringer Tom Warren, "the dual role of reporter-



AIKMAN ON CAMPUS

student often provides a latitude un-available to members of the separate groups. Last weekend, behind police lines, I found myself the target of rocks and bottles thrown by demon-strators. Later I was with friends when we were bombarded by tear gas. Consequently I found myself better able to comprehend the emo-tions of the opposing group."

Sometimes there is a difficult third role to fulfill: that of citizen. One night recently David Aikman, TIME's stringer at the University of Washington, discovered Thomp-son Hall, where his own office is lo-cated, in flames. He had little hesi-tation in helping to chase down a suspected arsonist. "No man tries to burn down a building as a pro-test unless he is in the last stages of revolt against his own condition," says Aikman. "For me, the inescap-able melancholy of the incident was twofold: that any student could be so distressed by the law of the land as to consider such chilling de-structiveness the only source of red-ress, and that this sort of act is now a national commonplace."

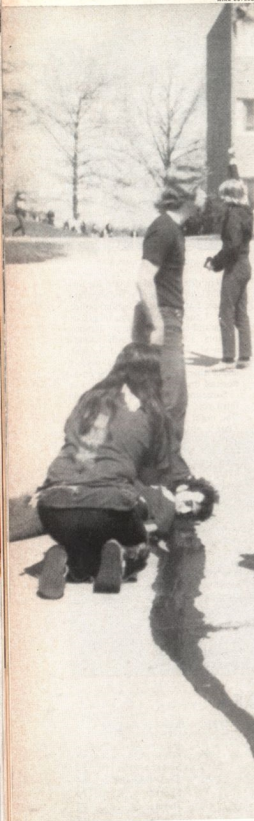
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MIKE ESTELL



DEAD STUDENT AT KENT STATE
With an awesome pervasiveness . . .

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
May 18, 1970 Vol. 95, No. 20

THE NATION

At War with War

WITH an almost manic abruptness, the nation seemed, as Yeats once wrote, "all changed, changed utterly." With the killing of four Kent State University students by Ohio National Guardsmen last week, dissent against the U.S. venture into Cambodia suddenly coalesced into a nationwide student strike. Across the country 441 colleges and universities were affected, many of them shut down entirely. Antiwar fever, which President Richard Nixon had skillfully reduced to a tolerable level last fall, surged upward again to a point unequalled since Lyndon Johnson was driven from the White House. The military advantage to be gained in Cambodia seemed more and more dubious (see *THE WORLD*), and Nixon found that he had probably sacrificed what he himself once claimed was crucial to achieving an acceptable settlement: wide domestic support, or at least acquiescence, for his policies. Now it is the opposition that has gained strength.

Both the eruption of protest and the reaction to it mocked Nixon's still unfulfilled promise to lead the nation "forward together." Not only were there rending, sometimes bloody clashes between peace demonstrators and peace officers, but a scattering of vicious brawls set citizen against citizen as well.

Morale Destroyed

Not long ago, the Administration was considered an artful, managerial mechanism, oiled with serenity, unanimity and self-confidence. Now it showed symptoms of severe internal distress. Interior Secretary Walter Hickel's letter of criticism to the President (see box, page 10) and the abrupt resignation of two young Administration staffers were among the most tangible signs of strain. There were also hints of basic disagreement in the Cabinet over the Cambodian decision—hints that Nixon declined to deny at a hastily called press conference. On Capitol Hill dissension increased daily.

The President had carefully calculated the diplomatic and military hazards of invading the Cambodian sanctuaries. But the more important risk involved the response at home—and in that crucial area he has proved to be dangerously wrong. Nixon, to be sure, could not have foreseen the Kent State shootings. But he was sadly slow in recognizing their impact. After the four students were gunned down, he found no rea-

son to censure the Guardsmen. All he could bring himself to say was: "When dissent turns to violence, it invites tragedy." That much was obvious. It seemed equally clear that even if the Cambodian expedition should accomplish more than now appears likely, it has already destroyed far more American resources of morale and cohesion than any North Vietnamese supplies could be worth.

Conciliation

By the end of the most searing week of his presidency, Nixon had grown elaborately conciliatory. Six Kent State students who drove to Washington on the spur of the moment to talk with Ohio Congressmen were taken to the White House to see Presidential Adviser John Ehrlichman. Learning of their presence, Nixon invited them into the oval office the next morning for an hour's conversation. Later he conferred with eight university presidents who had previously advised him on higher-education policy. Most of the men, including Harvard's Nathan Pusey and William Friday of the University of North Carolina, arrived battle-weary from their troubled campuses. After the conference, Nixon named one of the educators, Alexander Heard of Vanderbilt, as a special adviser on student affairs. At the same time the President pointedly refused to see 37 other college presidents, including Princeton's Robert F. Goheen, Notre Dame's Theodore Hesburgh and Columbia's Andrew Cordier, who petitioned for an end to American involvement in Indochina.

At his televised press conference on the eve of the Washington demonstration, the President looked understandably weary and nervous. Outside the White House gates, students were already gathering. They filled the warm evening with the refrain of the John Lennon mantra: "All we are saying is give peace a chance." Inside, the President told the press and the nation: "Those who protest want peace. I know that what I have done will accomplish the goals that they want. I agree with everything they are trying to accomplish."

Nixon was trying his best to reconstruct consensus, to show that if he was not embittered by the protest movement, neither was he cowed. He also attempted to display flexibility. He was not about to muzzle anyone, he said, but he counseled his subordinates that "when the action is hot, keep the rhetoric cool." He defended the Cambodia

decision anew, but he also added that the troops would be coming out faster than anticipated. While not withdrawing from his tactical rationale for the Cambodian venture, Nixon gave an impression that was very different from the belligerent patriotism with which he announced the foray.

Singular Odyssey

Before dawn the next morning, Nixon impulsively awakened his valet and set off with a clutch of Secret Service men for the Lincoln Memorial, where he talked for an hour with a group of drowsy but astonished demonstrators. His discussion rambled over the sights of the world that he had seen—Mexico City, the Moscow ballet, the cities of India. When the conversation turned to the war, Nixon told the students: "I know you think we are a bunch of so and so's." He said to them, the President recalled later, that "in 1939 I thought Neville Chamberlain was the greatest man living and that Winston Churchill was a madman. It was not until years later that I realized that Churchill was right." He confessed afterwards: "I doubt if that got over."

Before he left, Nixon said: "I know you want to get the war over. Sure you came here to demonstrate and shout your slogans on the ellipse. That's all right. Just keep it peaceful. Have a good time in Washington, and don't go away bitter."

The singular odyssey went on. Nixon and his small contingent wandered through the capital, then drove to the Mayflower Hotel for a breakfast of corned beef hash and eggs—his first restaurant meal in Washington since he assumed power. Then he withdrew to his study in the Executive Office Building to sit out the day of protest.

Considering the potential for disorder, the assembly could have been a disaster. Instead, the main rally was something of a letdown. So much passion had been expended during the preceding week, so much of the verbiage was repetitive, so much of the canned rally routine was familiar, that boredom and the hot sun (90° by midafternoon) were able to distract from the main business at hand. Some of the less inhibited youngsters stripped and went wading in the nearby Reflecting Pool.

Coretta King, David Dellinger, Benjamin Spock and other matriarchs and patriarchs of the movement were there, along with newer personalities like Jane Fonda. Their audience was made up primarily of the instant army of the young, the mobile children who received basic protest training in the late '60s, who can travel light and fast for the peace movement and for their own enjoyment. Some 100,000 of them were there on the Ellipse just south of the White House.

The day was peaceful for the most part. The inevitable sprinkling of troublemakers managed to create some prob-

lems for the police, but the more than 6,000 regular troops and militiamen who were being held in readiness had little to do.

One of the few touches of originality was the display of the Yippie flag (marijuana leaves against a red star on a black background). If the rally had a somewhat stale quality, it was not without significance. Despite the frustrations of the peace movement, its troops are still willing to turn out, to follow the script, to attempt to wear down its adversaries. Certainly the Administration took the event seriously. Government staffers went among the crowd chatting with youngsters, inviting some of them back to their offices to meet their superiors. Even Attorney General John Mitchell, with his distaste for dissenters, entertained a group of demonstrators. Later the Justice Department was the target of a paint-throwing attack.

Washington was only the temporary focus of an uprising that touched every part of the U.S., from Bowdoin College in Maine to the University of Miami, from the now familiar volatility of such campuses as Harvard and Berkeley, to more conservative enclaves. At the University of Nebraska in the heart of "Nixon country," students occupied the ROTC headquarters. The University of Arizona, like many other U.S. campuses, had its first taste ever of student activism. Manhattan's Finch College, Tricia Nixon's alma mater, went on strike. At California's Whittier College, 30% of the student body angrily protested the policies of Richard Nixon, its most famous graduate. At the Duke University Law School, Alumnus Nixon's portrait was removed from the wall of the moot courtroom and stored away.

Dada Contrast

All through the restive winter and early spring, the campus atmosphere had been heavy with intimations of bomb plots, and sometimes with actual whiffs of black powder. Last week's actions suddenly changed much of that mood. For one thing, dissent broadened so abruptly that in most places the far-left fringes were simply overwhelmed. At a Columbia University rally, Kent State Student Fred Kirsch was loudly applauded when he told a crowd of 3,000: "Look, I read Jerry Rubin's book. I talked about violent overthrow myself. But when those rifle bullets cracked past my head, I suddenly realized you can't fight pigs with bricks. Whatever we do, it's got to be peaceful."

Despite that caution, enough destructive urge remained on scores of campuses to stir dangerous action. Fire-bombings seemed to be the favorite tactic of extremists; ROTC facilities were their frequent targets. Occasionally violence spilled off the campus in a familiar pattern of window breaking, traffic disruption and other random harassment—the same type of activity that preceded the



TEEN-AGER AT NEW JERSEY PEACE RALLY
... and the chant of a John Lennon mantra.

Kent State tragedy (see following story).

At the University of Wisconsin, 83 students were arrested after 20 major fire-bombings. Governor Warren Knowles called out 2,100 National Guardsmen to cope with the violence. As elsewhere, though, there was a sort of Dada contrast between incendiary violence and collegiate languor: couples walking hand in hand, playing tennis, spinning Frisbees, sailing across Lake Mendota. After one of many confrontations with the National Guard, a student shrugged nervously: "Well, I just threw my first rock." The atmosphere was entirely different at Grinnell College in Iowa. When protesters broke a window by accident, they collected \$14.39 to replace it.

New Coalescence

At the University of New Mexico, dissenting students fought with "straights" over whether the flag should be lowered to half-staff to honor the Kent State dead. Three of the dissenters came away with knife wounds. One confrontation at U.C.L.A. was often something of an absurdist frolic, with students advancing on and retreating from the police—the "blue meanies"—in a sort of Keystone Kops ballet. Police would chase kids frantically past heedless couples smooching on benches. When one shift of police went off duty, the students shouted: "Mahana, pigs!" A cop would smile and wave goodbye.

On far more campuses, though, tens of thousands of moderate students brought a new seriousness coupled with a kind of wounded pride to the revived antiwar movement. Said Ted Gup, of the National Lobby Committee: "We're not bums and we don't like to be called bums. We'd like to show Mr. Nixon that we can work within the system."

The new coalescence of the young represented a movement from the left back toward the center, toward the principle of effecting change within the system. And the almost awesome pervasiveness of the student uprising, with its new sense of outrage, imparted, for the moment, a truculent confidence.

The confidence derived partly from the fact that the young no longer saw themselves confronting a monolithic Establishment. At dozens of campuses, university presidents supported student demands for an end to the Cambodian venture and a withdrawal from Indochina. Oberlin College President Robert Carr simply canceled final exams, gave all his students credit for their courses and turned over the campus to antiwar planning. James Farmer, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, spoke out in support of the students. The defeat of G. Harrold Carswell for the Supreme Court persuaded many that the system could be responsive to protest. Nor was the anger of so many Washington legislators lost on the young. They realized that for the moment at least it was Richard Nixon who looked isolated.



BERKELEY DEMONSTRATOR THROWING TEAR GAS BACK AT POLICE



MINNEAPOLIS COP & GIRL

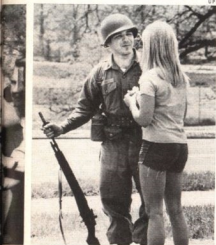


SLEEPING YOUTHS BEFORE THE WASHINGTON RALLY

BURNING NIXON IN



IN THE WASHINGTON REFLECTING POOL LAST WEEKEND



MARYLAND GUARDSMAN AT EASE



ANIMAL BLOOD IN WASHINGTON



EFFIGY AT TULANE



With that in mind, clean-cut, often freshly barbered students in ties and jackets swarmed over Capitol Hill, visiting sympathetic Congressmen, obtaining audiences with willing members of the Administration. Illinois Republican Charles Percy told one group: "A lot of candidates this fall will be more attentive if they know that there are going to be thousands of young people out working for or against them."

In New Haven, Yale seniors began organizing a "counter-commencement," planning to have nearly 1,000 members of the graduating class wear suits and ties to commencement and donate their \$8 cap-and-gown fees to a fund for the benefit of antiwar candidates. A group called Action for Peace collected 60,000 signatures in the New York City area in two days to support a Senate amendment to curtail the Indochina war; the group began mailing petitions to high schools and colleges across the country for more signatures. Williams College students began organizing "Pause for Peace," a national work stoppage set for May 27 between 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. Williams students are asking alumni to spread the protest. Some 400 faculty members from four western Massachusetts campuses have voted to invite Spiro Agnew to speak at their campuses; they reason that once the Vice President arrives, he can be indicted for crossing state lines to incite a riot—which would surely break out if Agnew came to visit. Another student movement would have the young boycott soft drinks for the duration of the war—"You've got a lot to live," the motto goes, "and Pepsi's got a lot to lose." When Indiana's Senator Birch Bayh addressed a delegation of 1,000 students on Capitol Hill, he said: "We can make this system responsive from within instead of trying to destroy it from without." The students reacted with a standing ovation.

Exercising Muscle

Even at Berkeley, which had witnessed three weeks of promiscuous "trashing" (random destruction) and cop-baiting, students rallied behind a faculty-student committee intent on raising protest above rampage and turning the vast resources of the university against the war. At a rally of 15,000 in the university's Hearst Greek Theater, talk of militance and confrontation was booed. Chicago Seven Defendant Tom Hayden turned up and tried to blend the war, the Black Panthers and the Kent State murders into one rhetorical attack on the U.S. His audience was not moved. Berkeley Law Professor Frank Newman received more sympathy when he recommended action to pass state antiwar laws and congressional measures to cut off funds for the Cambodian war.

The Berkeley crowd enthusiastically applauded U.C.L.A. Law Professor Michael Tigar when he said: "We must confront the President and force him to withdraw from Viet Nam and leave

the people there to determine their own fate. In the course of history, genocide and imperialism will be stopped. We have to decide whether you and I will liberate this country from the inside or whether it will be liberated from abroad." More than ever, there was a feeling among the dissidents that they formed a coherent bloc capable of exercising political muscle.

Last week's sentiment was not confined to the leftist young. Peter Winzen, 27, a Kent State junior and an Army veteran of Khe Sanh, appeared at a Cleveland rally. "I saw enough violence, blood and death and I vowed, 'never again, never again.' What I saw on campus was the same thing again. Now I must protest. I'm not a leftist, but I can't go any further. I'll do damn near anything to stop the war now." The League of Women Voters, holding a convention in Washington, departed from nonpartisanship to hold an antiwar rally on the steps of the Capitol.

Almost as if the new emphasis on peaceful protest and political action cloaked a new danger from the left, reaction from the right was quick and angry. Some of the worst counterviolence of last week was organized in Manhattan by helmeted construction workers, who assaulted student demonstrators in the Wall Street area. More than 200 workers bearing American flags, cheering and singing the *Star-Spangled Banner*, set upon student demonstrators with fists and lead pipes, sending at least 20 to the hospital. New York's Mayor John Lindsay had ordered the city hall flag lowered to half-staff in memory of the Kent State dead. The workers demanded that it be raised to the top again. While Lindsay spent part of the day addressing antiwar rallies elsewhere in the city, the flag was hoisted to the top of the flagstaff after police reported that they could not (or would not) defend the building against the workers. As the construction men withdrew down Wall Street, they were showered with tickertape like returning astronauts. In Seattle, members of a vigilante group called HELP (Help Eliminate Lawless Protest) were reported to have set upon students with clubs.

Rising Reaction

There were other signs of anger against the gathering protest. At Northwestern University, a student waved an upside-down American flag, urging some 2,500 others to strike. A hefty man in work clothes tried to grab the flag, shouting: "That's my flag! I fought for it! You have no right to it!" The students began arguing with him. "To hell with your movement," the man responded. "There are millions of people like me. We're fed up with your movement. You're forcing us into it. We'll have to kill you. All I can see is a lot of kids blowing a chance I never had." It was not an isolated sentiment.

Nixon's Silent Majority may be be-

wildered and unenthusiastic about Cambodia, but the demonstrations are moving its members to rally behind the President. Many of them argue that "the President knows all the facts—he must know what he is doing." Even more of them express frank hostility toward the students. Says a Chicago ad salesman: "I'm getting to feel like I'd actually enjoy going out and shooting some of these people. I'm just so god-damned mad. They're trying to destroy everything I've worked for—for myself, my wife and my children."

Nixon's Insulation

During the 1968 presidential campaign, Richard Nixon said: "We must listen to the voices of dissent because the protester may have something to say worth listening to. If we dismiss dissent as coming from 'rebels without a cause,' we will soon find ourselves becoming leaders without an effect. By its neglect, by its insensitivity, by its arrogance, our present leadership has caused an unprecedented chasm to develop in our society."

Much of Nixon's present trouble stems from not heeding his own warning. Like Lyndon Johnson before him, he has tended to shut himself away even from many in his Administration and listen almost exclusively to John Mitchell and to White House Aides John Ehrlichman and Robert Haldeman. "They encourage his anger," says one disaffected White House staffer. "They



NIXON ON LINCOLN MEMORIAL
Small offerings in a

tell him he is right and everybody else is wrong."

Before the Black Panther rally at New Haven two weeks ago, the Army's domestic intelligence network, which monitors the protest movement, concluded that no federal troops would be needed at the demonstration. Richard Kleindienst, Deputy Attorney General, ignored the decision and ordered up

Faithfully Yours, Wally

NOTHING more dramatically illustrated the dissent in the Administration's own inner circle than the letter that Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel wrote to the President last week. Leaked to the press even before Nixon had seen it, it criticized him for alienating the nation's youth and isolating himself from the Cabinet. "I believe this Administration finds itself today embracing a philosophy which appears to lack appropriate concern for the attitude of a great mass of Americans—our young people," wrote Hickel. Other Hickel observations:

Today, our young people, or at least a vast segment of them, believe they have no opportunity to communicate with Government, regardless of Administration, other than through violent confrontation. But I am convinced we—and they—have the capacity, if we will have the willingness, to learn from history.

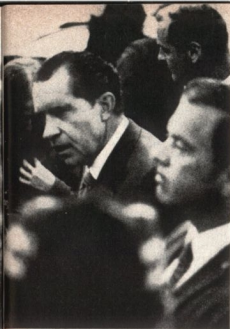
About 200 years ago there was emerging a great nation in the British Empire, and it found itself with a colony in violent protest by its youth—men such as Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, to name a few. Their protests fell on deaf ears, and finally led to war. The outcome is history. If we read history, it clearly

shows that youth in its protest must be heard. Let us show them we can solve our problems in an enlightened and positive manner.

I believe the Vice President initially answered a deep-seated mood of America in his public statements. However, a continued attack on the young—not on their attitudes so much as their motives—can serve little purpose other than to further cement those attitudes to a solidity impossible to penetrate with reason.

Finally, Mr. President, permit me to suggest that you consider meeting, on an individual and conversational basis, with members of your Cabinet. Perhaps through such conversations we can gain greater insight into the problems confronting us all, and most important, into the solutions of these problems.

The letter was extraordinary not only because a Cabinet member felt compelled to criticize the Administration, but because the source was Hickel. To most liberals, intellectuals and environmentalists, he had all the allure of an oil slick when he became Richard Nixon's Interior Secretary. An Alaska millionaire, onetime real estate magnate and hotel owner, he was widely viewed as a yes man for business, more in-



STEPS AT DAWN
muted voice.

4,000 of them. A recommendation from the same intelligence unit saying that federal forces would not be required in Washington last Saturday was simply dropped from the Pentagon briefing prepared for White House officials.

"Nixon gets very little firsthand," says a former White House staff member. "He doesn't read the papers raw very much." Observes TIME's Washington Bu-

interested in conglomerates than conservation. Since Hickel took over Interior, however, he has shown himself to be deeply concerned about environmental issues and willing to work with young activists to get the job done. Still, few took him to be a real iconoclast on the Nixon team, and the letter thus came as a surprise to Washington.

To close friends and aides, though, the surprise was that Hickel had not written the letter sooner. He has long harbored reservations about Nixon's conduct of the war and about the Administration's failure to understand the student protest movement. Implied but not explicit in the letter was his frustration at being unable to communicate his feelings to the President; since taking office, he has seen Nixon privately only twice. Undoubtedly, Hickel's decision to write to the President was also influenced by empathy with his six sons, two of whom are in college. On the day of the Kent State killings, he spoke with the two and found them very upset. "Afterward," according to an aide, "he made up his mind he had to do something."

Through Pat Ryan, his personal assistant, Hickel tried to set up an appointment with the President. He was turned down. Visibly distressed, he then

reau Chief Hugh Sidey: "There is about Nixon's presidency the feeling of theater. When the performance is over and the lights go out, there is an eerie nothingness—no heart, no feeling of movement or national momentum."

All through the week reports surfaced that communications within the Administration are only somewhat better than Nixon's relations with the young. Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird admitted to reporters that he had not even been aware that the U.S. had made four, not three air strikes over North Viet Nam. The raids were styled "reinforced protective reaction"—a phrase which itself represents a style of noncommunication.

As the Pentagon tried to paper over that lapse, it also had to contend with stories that Laird, like Secretary of State William Rogers, had opposed the Cambodia decision. Laird denied it as vigorously as he could, and his denial was technically accurate. In fact, Laird had serious reservations about the move. Rather than disagree directly, he stressed arguments about the negative political repercussions that would follow. All along Laird has been particularly sensitive to the opposition's mood—more so, it seems, than has the President.

Rogers was put in a position that was at best embarrassing and at worst untenable. Last week portions of Rogers' April 23 testimony before a House appropriations subcommittee were leaked to the press. In that appearance, less

visited Secretary of State William Rogers to discuss his feelings. Rogers, unhappy from the outset over the tone of Agnew's speechmaking, said that he agreed with Hickel's sentiments. It was then that Hickel decided to write his letter. Though intended for the President's eyes only, it was leaked to the press by an Interior Department aide who feared that it would be buried in the White House file drawers forever.

The White House reacted angrily to the letter and the leak. According to the New York Times, a White House assistant indignantly called Ryan and said: "If you find the s.o.b. responsible for leaking that letter, I want you to fire him." To which Ryan replied: "If you find the s.o.b. responsible for not letting Hickel see the President, I want you to fire him."

Hickel himself claimed to be "dis-mayed" that the message became public. Indeed, in recommending that the President work more closely with his Cabinet, and in signing the letter "Faithfully yours, Wally," he seemed to be reasserting his fidelity to Nixon. By week's end Hickel had received more than 3,000 letters and telegrams congratulating him on his stand. He appeared to be quietly delighted at the heroic proportions that his image had assumed as a result of his lecture to the President.

than a week before Nixon ordered Americans into Cambodia, Rogers stated flatly: "We recognize that if we get involved in Cambodia with our ground forces, our whole program is defeated." Then he added: "I think the one lesson that the war in Viet Nam has taught us is that if you are going to fight a war of this kind satisfactorily, you need public support and congressional support." After the Cambodian attack became known, Democratic Representative Clarence Long said: "If I were Rogers, I would resign."

Henry Kissinger was also said to have dissented and took pains to deny the rumor. Last week a group of Kissinger's old Harvard colleagues, including Edwin Reichsauer and Adam Yarmolinsky, told him in effect that unless the Administration's policies change, or Kissinger resigns, he will not be welcome back at Harvard. Kissinger listened to the message, then told his friends quietly: "I want you to understand that I hear you."

Congressional Conflict

The distinction between Congress' power to declare war and the President's ability to wage war on his own has been a historic source of controversy. By one count, U.S. Presidents ordered undeclared acts of war 149 times up to World War II. The list begins with the hostilities between France and the U.S. in 1798; as another example, Thomas Jefferson informed Congress months after he had ordered a small squadron of frigates into the Mediterranean in 1801 to protect U.S. shipping from the Barbary states.

Even so, Nixon's failure to advise Congress before he decided upon the Cambodian mission seemed a gratuitous affront. Led by William Fulbright, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee immediately requested a meeting with the President. Nixon responded by inviting the committee over to the White House late one afternoon last week; but he also issued invitations to the less prestigious, less dovish House Foreign Affairs Committee, and scheduled an earlier meeting with the House and Senate Armed Services committees as well. Fulbright and other Senators such as Vermont's George Aiken had planned a confrontation. Nixon deftly transformed it into a routine briefing.

Operation Talk

The growing antiwar factions on Capitol Hill began searching for legislative leverage to exert on the President. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has reported Charles Mathias' resolution to repeal the Gulf of Tonkin resolution and is bringing it to the Senate floor this week. Oregon's Mark Hatfield and South Dakota's George McGovern are pushing for an amendment that would cut off military authorizations for Cambodia immediately, and for South Viet Nam by the end of 1970. Chances for that measure seem slim. More likely to

pass next week is an amendment that would cut off funds for the Cambodian mission by July 1—which is precisely when the President promised the troops would be out of Cambodia anyway.

Antiwar members of the House tried last week to force the President out of Cambodia with legislation. They fought for a series of amendments to the military procurement authorization bill, but were easily defeated, and the week of planned congressional confrontation on constitutional issues dissolved in bitter argument. Yet there was no doubt that the President had badly damaged his standing with Congress. In one exercise of ineptitude, the White House allowed Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott to pledge, on assurance from the Administration, that bombing of North Viet

nam would not be resumed. Next morning the bombings were in the headlines. Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield is now making no pretense, as he did under Lyndon Johnson, that he supports the war. He is actively searching for the legislative means to attack the President.

Richard Nixon can ill afford such alienation either in Washington or in the rest of the nation—a fact that he now seems to realize. For months, the President did nothing to tone down Spiro Agnew's divisive statements. After Nixon's meeting last week with the eight college presidents, the word went out that Agnew would be sedated. Nixon promptly denied it, as he had to in order to avoid humiliating the man he has praised so handsomely in the past. Agnew also insisted that he was not to be "muzzled." Nonetheless, in a speech at Boise, Idaho, Agnew excised some harsh phrases about "choleric young intellectuals" and "tired, embittered elders" that had appeared in his advance text. He was similarly subdued when

he dedicated a Confederate monument at Stone Mountain, Ga.

At all levels, the Administration is now engaged in what might be termed Operation Talk. Herb Klein, Nixon's communications director, sent out the word last week that officials were to appear on as many television programs as possible. Cabinet officers and White House aides were inviting meetings with groups of students, faculty members and others. Tricia Nixon had two Finch College demonstrators into the White House for a chat. The press conference, only the second this year, and Nixon's sunrise socializing were part of the same Administration tactic.

It is to Nixon's credit that he sought to avoid the impression that he was withdrawing from the criticism aimed at

Kent State:

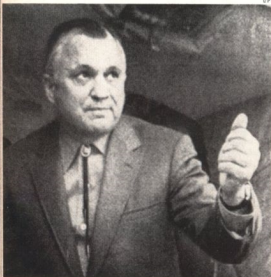
It took half a century to transform Kent State from an obscure teachers college into the second largest university in Ohio, with 21,000 students and an impressive array of modern buildings on its main campus. But it took less than ten terrifying seconds last week to convert the traditionally conformist campus into a bloodstained symbol of the rising student rebellion against the Nixon Administration and the war in Southeast Asia. When National Guardsmen fired indiscriminately into a crowd of unarmed civilians, killing four students, the bullets wounded the nation.

Paradoxically, the turn toward violence at Kent State was not inspired by the war or politics. The first rocks thrown in anger were hurled through the muggy Friday night of May 1 by beery students who could not resist the urge to dance on a Kent street. Hundreds of students were drinking at the bull-and-beer spots that flourish in most college towns. Spirits were light. A crowd swarmed into the warm night, blocking busy North Water Street, responding to the rock beat.

"Get Out"

One irate motorist gunned his car's engine as if to drive through the dancers. Some students climbed atop the car, jumped on it, then led a chant: "One-two-three-four, we don't want your war!" A drunk on a balcony hurled a bottle into the street—and suddenly the mood turned ugly. Students smashed the car's windows, set fires in trash cans, began to bash storefronts. Police were called. Kent Mayor LeRoy Satrom had ordered a curfew, but few students were aware of it. Police stormed into bars after midnight, turning up the lights, shouting "Get out!" Some 2,000 more students, many of whom had been watching the Knicks-Lakers basketball game on TV, were forced into the street. Police and sheriff's deputies pushed the youths back toward the campus, then fired tear gas to disperse them.

Saturday began quietly. Black student leaders, who had been demanding the admission next year of 5,000 more blacks to Kent State (it now has about 600), and leaders of the mounting antiwar sentiment on campus talked of joining forces. They got administrative approval to hold a rally that evening on the ten-acre Commons at the center of the campus. There, despite the presence of faculty members and student marshals, militant war protesters managed to take complete charge of a crowd of about 800, many still smarting from the conflict of the night before. They disrupted a dance in one university hall, then attacked the one-story Army ROTC building facing the Commons. They smashed windows and threw lighted railroad flares inside. The building caught fire. When firemen arrived, students threw rocks at them and cut their hoses with



HICKEL ON TOUR

Now it is the opposition that is united.



AGNEW IN BOISE

him. During last fall's Nov. 15 march on Washington, he studiously ignored his tormentors. Last week's conciliatory gestures may help a little; at least they will not increase the damage done by the Administration's recent polemics of polarization.

Perhaps, too, the spasms of protest will relax as summer disperses the students, as the troops come out of Cambodia and as the U.S. force levels in South Viet Nam continue to decline. Most Americans still want to believe in their President. Nonetheless, apprehension persists that the substance, if not the appearance, of leadership is absent from the White House. Says Correspondent Sides: "The presidency as a positive force is a concept which has escaped Nixon. His Administration has an aura of negativism." For many citizens weary of tumult, negativism may be enough. But if last week showed anything, it showed that the part of the nation which demands more than negativism cannot be silenced for long.

Martyrdom That Shook the Country

machetes until police interceded with tear gas. Without bothering to consult Kent State authorities, Mayor Satrom asked for help from the National Guard. Governor James Rhodes, still engaged in his tough—and ultimately unsuccessful—campaign for the Senate nomination, quickly ordered Guardsmen transferred from points of tension in a Teamster strike elsewhere in Ohio.

Within an hour, about 500 Guardsmen, already weary from three nights of duty, arrived with fully loaded M-1 semiautomatic rifles, pistols and tear gas. They were in time to help police block the students from charging into the downtown area. Students reacted by dousing trees with gasoline, then setting them afire. Order was restored before midnight. On Sunday, Governor Rhodes arrived in Kent. He made no attempt to seek the advice of Kent State President Robert I. White and told newsmen that campus troublemakers were "worse than Brown Shirts and Communists and vigilantes—they're the worst type of people that we harbor in America." He refused to close the campus, as Portage County Prosecutor Ronald Kane pleaded; instead, he declared a state of emergency and banned all demonstrations on the campus. Late that night, about 500 students defied the order and staged a sitdown on one of Kent's busiest intersections. Guardsmen, their number now grown to 900, moved into the face of a rock barrage to arrest 150 students.

"Our Campus"

On Monday, the campus seemed to calm down. In the bright sunshine, tired young Guardsmen flirted with leggy coeds under the tall oaks and maples. Classes continued throughout the morning. But the ban against mass assemblies was still in effect, and some students decided to test it again. "We just couldn't believe they could tell us to leave," said one. "This is our campus." At high noon, youngsters began ringing the school's Victory Bell, normally used to celebrate a football triumph but rarely heard of late. About 1,000 students, some nervous but many joking, gathered on the Commons. Another 2,000 ringed the walks and buildings to watch.

From their staging area near the burned-out ROTC building, officers in two Jeeps rolled across the grass to address the students with bullhorns: "Evacuate the Commons area. You have no right to assemble." Back came shouts of "Pigs off campus! We don't want your war." Students raised middle fingers. The Jeeps pulled back. Two skirmish lines of Guardsmen, wearing helmets and gas masks, stepped away from the staging area and began firing tear-gas canisters at the crowd. The Guardsmen moved about 100 yards toward the assembly and fired gas again. A few students picked up canisters and

threw them back, but they fell short of the troops. The mists of stinging gas split the crowd. Some students fled toward Johnson Hall, a men's dormitory, and were blocked by the L-shaped building. Others ran between Johnson and nearby Taylor Hall.

Leaderless

A formation of fewer than 100 Guardsmen—a mixed group including men from the 107th Armored Cavalry Regiment based in neighboring Ravenna,



STUDENT WAVING BLACK FLAG AT OHIO GUARDSMEN
A license to fire?

and others from a Wooster company of the 145th Infantry Regiment—pursued fleeing students between the two buildings. The troopers soon found themselves facing a fence and flanked by rock-throwing students, who rarely got close enough to hit anyone. Occasionally one managed to toss a gas canister back near the troops, while delighted spectators, watching from the hilltop, windows of buildings and the roof of another men's dorm, cheered. Many demonstrators were laughing.

Then the outnumbered and partially encircled contingent of Guardsmen ran out of tear gas. Suddenly they seemed frightened. They began retreating up the hill toward Taylor Hall, most of them walking backward to keep their eyes on the threatening students below. The crowd on the hilltop consisted almost entirely of onlookers rather than rock throwers. The tight circle of retreating Guardsmen contained officers

and noncoms from both regiments, but no single designated leader. With them in civilian clothes was Brigadier General Robert Canterbury, the ranking officer on the campus, who said later: "I was there—but I was not in command of any unit." Some of the troops held their rifles pointed skyward. Several times a few of them turned, pointed their M-1s threateningly at the crowd, and continued their retreat.

When the compact formation reached the top of the hill, some Guardsmen knelt quickly and aimed at the students who were hurling rocks from below. A handful of demonstrators kept moving

toward the troops. Other Guardsmen stood behind the kneeling troops, pointing their rifles down the hill. A few aimed over the students' heads. Several witnesses later claimed that an officer brought his baton down in a sweeping signal. Said Jim Minard, a sophomore from Warren, Ohio: "I was harassing this officer. I threw a stone at him, and he pointed a .45-caliber pistol at me. He was brandishing a swagger stick. He turned away. He was holding his baton in the air, and the moment he dropped it, they fired." Within seconds, a sickening staccato of rifle fire signaled the transformation of a once-placid campus into the site of an historic American tragedy.

Like a Firing Squad

"They are shooting blanks—they are shooting blanks," thought Kent State Journalism Professor Charles Brill, who nevertheless crouched behind a pillar. "Then I heard a chipping sound and a ping, and I thought, 'My God, this is for real.' An

Army veteran who saw action in Korea, Brill was certain that the Guardsmen had not fired randomly out of individual panic. "They were organized," he said. "It was not scattered. They all waited and they all pointed their rifles at the same time. It looked like a firing squad." The shooting stopped—as if on signal. Minutes later, the Guardsmen assumed parade-rest positions, apparently to signal the crowd that the fusillade would not be resumed unless the Guardsmen were threatened again. "I felt like I'd just had an order to clean up a latrine," recalled one Guardsman in the firing unit. "You do what you're told to do."

The campus was suddenly still. Horrified students flung themselves to the ground, ran for cover behind buildings and parked cars, or just stood stunned. Then screams broke out. "My God, they're killing us!" one girl cried. They were. A river of blood ran from the head of one boy, saturating his school

books. One youth held a cloth against the abdomen of another, futilely trying to check the bleeding. Guardsmen made no move to help the victims. The troops were still both frightened and threatening. After ambulances had taken away the dead and wounded, more students gathered. Geology Professor Glenn Frank, an ex-Marine, ran up to talk to officers. He came back sobbing. "If we don't get out of here right now," he reported, "the Guard is going to clear us out any way they can—they mean any way."

In that brief volley, four young people—none of whom was a protest leader or even a radical—were killed. Ten students were wounded, three seriously. One of them, Dean Kahler of Canton, Ohio, is paralyzed below his waist by a spinal wound.

The Fatalities

WILLIAM K. SCHROEDER, 19, a psychology major from Lorain, Ohio, was the second-ranking student in Kent State's Army ROTC unit. A friend recalled that he was "angry and upset" that the ROTC building had been burned down. A former Eagle Scout, high school basketball and track standout, he was the image of the clean-cut, academically conscientious Middle American boy. He apparently was only a spectator at the Monday rally. Even so, he illustrates the fact that youth's sentiment is shifting too rapidly to permit any student to be neatly tabbed. "My son was very opposed to the Viet Nam War," said William Schroeder's mother, "and his feelings against the war were growing."

SANDRA LEE SCHEUER, 20, a junior from Youngstown, Ohio, was walking to a class in speech therapy (her major) when she was caught in the Guardsmen's fire. A bubbly girl and an honor student, Sandy seemed too gregarious and full of laughter to take much interest in politics or protest. Although she sympathized with the peace movement, she did not join her college friends when they went to work for Senator Eugene McCarthy's presidential campaign. "Sandy lived for what everyone else lived for—to find someone to love and someone who loved her," said her best friend, Eileen Feldman.

JEFFREY GLENN MILLER, 20, a transfer student from Michigan State, where he found fraternity life a lot of "adolescent nonsense," was no militant activist either. But he did call his mother in Plainview, N.Y., to say that he felt he had to join the demonstrations. He wore his hair long, liked bell-bottoms, love beads and rock music. A psychology major, he was, according to acquaint-



SANDY SCHEUER

ances, "a great believer in love." "I know it sounds like a mother," said Mrs. Elaine Miller, "but Jeff didn't want to go to war, not because he'd be hurt, but because he might have to hurt someone else."

ALLISON KRAUSE, 19, a quiet, almond-eyed beauty, was more of a listener than a talker; she never preached about her deeply held views. She opposed the war, and with her boy friend, Barry Levine, was among the spectators caught in the rifle fire. An honor student interested in the history of art, she believed in protest but not in violence. She had placed a flower in a Guardsman's rifle at Kent State and said softly: "Flowers are better than bullets." "Is dissent a crime?" asked Allison Krause's father. "Is this a reason for killing her? Have we come to such a state in this country that a young girl has to be shot because she disagrees deeply with the actions of her Government?"

Flimsy Excuse

Multiple investigations at federal and state levels are under way to determine why anyone was killed at Kent State. Far worse disorders have been controlled at other campuses without fatalities. Many of the students had obviously committed lawless acts during that long weekend. Apparently they thought that they could do so with impunity.

JEFFREY MILLER & PARENTS



General Canterbury and his superior, Ohio Adjutant General Sylvester Del Corso, at first sought refuge in a flimsy excuse for uncontrolled gunfire. They said that their men had been fired upon by a sniper. By the end of the week, even Del Corso conceded that there was no evidence of any such attack.

A more plausible explanation was fear that bordered on panic. "Each man made the judgment on his own that his life was in danger," said Canterbury. "I felt that I could have been killed out there." A number of the men believed that the crowd was going to engulf them, perhaps take away their loaded weapons and turn the M-1s on the troopers. Some had been hurt by thrown objects—but none seriously enough to require hospitalization. Though the units had served in riot situations before, most of the lower-ranking enlisted men had no war experience. The Guardsmen at Kent had apparently not paid much attention to whatever training they had been given. "Some in my platoon," said one of the troopers, "have never handled a rifle and hardly know how to load it." Some of the younger men had enlisted in the Guard to avoid regular military service and the hazards of Viet Nam. Said the wife of one Guardsman: "My husband is no murderer. He was afraid. He was sure that they were going to be overrun by those kids. He was under orders—that's why he did it. He said so."

Whose orders? That still end there was still no answer. Canterbury insisted that "no one gave an order." That statement strains credibility. By Canterbury's own count, 16 or 17 men fired 35 rounds. They started at virtually the same moment and stopped at the same moment. Many civilian spectators at the scene and some officials seeking to reconstruct the event are convinced that an order was given. And someone made the initial mistake of ordering live ammunition distributed to all the men and permitting them to load their rifles—a procedure that is contrary to regular Army practice in civil disturbances. Once weapons are loaded, says one Pentagon officer, "you have effectively lost control of that unit. You have given them the license to fire." The Ohio Guard officers contend that loaded weapons have a deterrent value. No doubt. But no one informed the demonstrators that the troops had live ammunition. Nor were any warning shots fired. Those facts, together with the totally inadequate tactical leadership of the group that felt it was entrapped, raise serious doubts about the Guards' professionalism—and about the wisdom of the decision to employ them.

BARRY LEVINE



ALLISON KRAUSE

VIOLENT PROTEST: A DEBASED LANGUAGE

WORDS, like trees, bend with the prevailing winds. In the climate of opinion of the past few years, the word dissent has undergone a decided transformation. For most of U.S. history, it clearly meant speech—the unorthodox opinion, the challenging idea. Then, during the 1960s, civil rights protesters took to the streets to fight segregation, and the word became associated with demonstrations as much as with speech. As protests have continued to broaden and increase, dissent has come to be used to describe and defend a wide variety of physical acts, including violence toward property and even toward people.

The explanation many protesters offer for their switch from verbal to physical dissent is that no one pays attention to words alone any longer. However eloquent it has been, however imaginative its uses, language has not succeeded in eliminating racial discrimination or ending the war in Indochina. So the protesters have resorted to what Social Psychologist Franklin Haiman of Northwestern University calls "body rhetoric"—sit-ins, lie-ins, marches—and more and more bodies have started colliding. Such public confrontations are an expression of gathering frustration over a society that no longer seems to respond to more traditional forms of dissent.

Communication of Feeling

This argument contains a measure of truth. It is also true that in many cases the massed forces of dissent—as at most of last week's rallies mourning the Kent State four—have demonstrated a commendable restraint in not letting verbal protest build into violence. The fact remains, however, that all too often these days dissent is a matter of arson and rock throwing. The reason may be that protesters have despaired of the efficacy of words before they have really mastered them. It is significant that this generation of dissenters has failed to produce a literature, or even a polemic that is likely to endure. On the contrary, it has been persistently, even proudly, nonverbal. It has emphasized a communication of feeling rather than of words. The vocabulary of protest, often weighted down with an outmoded Marxism, is relentlessly conventional and conformist. The same phrases—"up against the wall," "get the pigs," "tell it like it is"—are endlessly repeated, less for their intrinsic eloquence than for their emotive and symbolic value. And that sort of thing gets tiresome; to borrow from the jargon, it "turns people off." Even the most outrageous obscenities lose their impact when they are used ad nauseam.

There is often a disconcerting inexactness about today's rhetoric of dissent. To denounce the Establishment in blanket terms makes little sense in a society composed of several establishments, each with its own ideology and set of mores—many of them surprisingly competitive. "Power to the people" is an admirable democratic slogan—except that, as used presently, what it really seems to mean is power to the leftist radicals who seek to control any revolution in America. It is verbal overkill to describe every mild demurrer by whites against the most bluntly radical of black-militant demands as nothing but "racism." And the case for political dissent is weakened when almost any attempts, however peaceful, by college authorities to restore law and order on campus are automatically condemned by militant radicals as proof that the U.S. is a "fascist America." Taken at face value, many protest slogans suggest that the dissenters have seriously misestimated U.S. society and its possibility for evolutionary change.

The ultimate debasement of language, of course, is violence. Except for protesters who simply want to destroy—and there are more than a few—most dissenters turn to violence in a desperate effort to communicate their profound feelings of grievance. Yet surely this is too crude a way to get their message across. A bomb, for example, lacks specificity; its meaning is as scattered as its debris. Some people may interpret such an

act as a signal to pay more attention to the protester and his cause; many more are likely to read into it a need to make life a lot tougher for the protester. Violence is, essentially, a confession of ultimate inarticulateness.

Throughout history, dissent has been more effectively expressed by the word than by the weapon. The French Revolution was betrayed by the ruthless masters of the Terror who silenced all opposition with the guillotine. The enduring importance of the revolution lies, rather, in the principles enunciated on its behalf by the philosophers of the Enlightenment, who bequeathed the notion of human equality to the modern world. During its bleakest hours, the American Revolution was resuscitated not so much by brilliant military strategy as by brilliant words—those of Tom Paine in the "times that try men's souls." Even less persuasive and more recondite words can have an impact that dramatic acts do not. Wrote Lord Keynes: "Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back. I am sure that the power of vested interests is vastly exaggerated compared with the gradual encroachment of ideas."

Debasement of the language cannot be blamed on protesters alone. The news media, the advertising agencies, the Government—even President Nixon himself—have all helped flatten and attenuate the English tongue. When radicals misuse language, they are only applying the lesson they have been so well taught by their society. That lesson has been reinforced by philosophers now in fashion—Marshall McLuhan, for instance, who says that pictures are more important than words and contemplates a society of inarticulate tribal emotions based on instant sight and sound. Or Herbert Marcuse, who teaches that protesting words are as empty as air in a technological society where power is concentrated in a few hands. Such a contempt for language makes people impatient with the orderly processes of thought. No sooner is something glimpsed or considered than it is demanded. Not only is dialogue destroyed, but so is rationality, when protesters insist upon immediate capitulation to their "nonnegotiable demands." This is what infants demand—and totalitarians.

Example of Agnew

Reactionary as the thought may seem, words are still as powerful a force as ever, when they are cogently used. It was, after all, language alone that catapulted Spiro Agnew from a political nonentity to a national figure with an enthusiastic personal following. Agnew, to be sure, can be accused of appealing to the raw emotions of the body politic in his now-famous attacks on "effete snobs" and "tomen-tose exhibitionists." On the other hand, a protester would have a hard time telling the Vice President that mere speech is not capable of stirring people. Unwittingly, he has shown his antagonists on the left that it can still be done.

During a period of national turmoil and self-doubt, it is all the more imperative for protesters to put down their rocks and find their voices again. As a commentary on the Kent State tragedy, President Nixon's remark that "when dissent turns to violence it invites tragedy" is callously inadequate. His warning, however, carries the weight of history: in a general unleashing of violence, dissent is the first casualty. Today the nation is in considerable need of healing, as well as elevating, language; often in the past that need has been filled by protesters whose perspective on society matched their passionate commitment to its improvement. Now is the time for dissenters to assert their own dignity and maintain their tradition by upholding the ultimate value of the word.



THOMAS PAINE

SCULPTURE BY WALTONA WOFFORD, HALL OF JAMES AT NYU

AMERICAN NOTES

Anniversaries

Twenty-five years ago last week Nazi Germany surrendered to the Allies at General Dwight Eisenhower's headquarters in Reims. It was V-E day, the end of the crusade in Europe: to Americans and much of the world, Ike and his triumphant armies were the heroes of an unforgettable moment. The atomic bomb, the cold war, Korea, Viet Nam, were all ahead. Wrote Poet Phyllis McGinley: "That was an island in time, secure and candid./ When we seemed to walk in freedom as in the sun."

That instant of military glory unalloyed was the last in the nation's memory. The horror of Hiroshima and Nagasaki accompanied the defeat of Japan. Korea turned into an unpopular, slogging stalemate. Viet Nam has divided the nation and stained the military's proud escutcheon. It has come to this: last week a student organizer in Philadelphia refused to play a long-honored hymn that most Protestants have never given second thought to: *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

Another anniversary, perhaps more instructive in 1970 than V-E day, passed unmarked in the U.S. last week. On May 7, 1954, Viet Minh troops overran the 10,000-soldier garrison of French Brigadier General Christian de Castries at Dienbienphu.

The Price of Prejudice

No one can measure the massive psychological damage America's blacks suffer from all the varieties of discrimination that they encounter daily. But now the courts are finding a way to put a price on some of the more blatant forms of bigotry. The Massachusetts Supreme Court upheld a \$250 award for humiliation and mental suffering to a Worcester black who was refused an apartment because of his race. In a similar case decided last week, the Rev. William Gray, minister of a Baptist church in Montclair, N.J., won \$500 for "psychological trauma"—plus the right to move into an apartment that had been denied him in 1967.

California's Supreme Court has gone still farther, ruling that insult alone—"intentional infliction of emotional distress"—can constitute cause for legal action. After a white foreman shouted angrily about "goddam niggers" to Manuel Alcorn, a black truck driver, and ordered him fired, Alcorn complained of nausea and insomnia. He got his job back, but sued his employers for \$110,000. The California court upheld his right to seek

damages from a lower court on that basis. Wrote Justice Louis Burke: "Although the slang epithet 'nigger' may once have been in common usage, along with such other racial characterizations as 'wop,' 'chink,' 'jap,' 'bohunk' or 'shanty Irish,' the former expression has become particularly abusive and insulting in light of recent developments in the civil rights movement."

Bailing Out the Sheriff

In 1963, Sheriff C.V. ("Buster") Kern jailed one William Whirl in Houston on charges of burglary and theft. The district attorney had the case dismissed for insufficient evidence. The order went



V-E DAY CROWD IN TIMES SQUARE
An island, secure and candid.

down to set Whirl free. Somehow the release slip went astray, and Whirl languished in jail for nine months until the mistake was discovered. Upon being freed, Whirl filed a civil suit against Sheriff Kern for depriving him not only of his liberty but also his artificial leg. That is a jailhouse precaution to prevent the use of artificial limbs as weapons.

Whirl won his case early this year and got a \$25,000 judgment against Sheriff Kern, who lacks that kind of money. While Kern has appealed, a posse of friendly citizens has already galloped to the rescue. Last week more than 2,000 Texans showed up at a \$5-a-head benefit barbecue, and other contributions are coming in to eke out the ransom on the high sheriff's financial future. There was no popular movement to compensate for the past injustice perpetrated on Whirl.

PRIMARIES

Upset Time

In Democratic primary elections last week, two disparately celebrated personalities suffered surprising defeats. John Glenn, the first American to orbit the earth, splashed down second to a millionaire who was a political unknown when the campaign for the Ohio Democratic Senate nomination began. In Alabama, George Wallace earned a place in a runoff for Governor—but trailed the incumbent, his onetime protégé, Albert Brewer.

OHIO

"It's a bitter pill," Astronaut Glenn confessed. He had to withdraw from the Democratic primary for Senator six years back after a household injury. This year the small-town, all-American hero found himself outthrust and drastically outspent (by an estimated \$1.25 million to \$300,000) by Cleveland Lawyer Howard Metzenbaum, 52, who sold out a prosperous airport-parking business for some \$20 million.

Said Metzenbaum: "It was impossible to run against John Glenn the man, because he is rightly held in such high esteem by everybody, including myself." So Metzenbaum ran around him. Glenn could not escape marginally valuable autograph sessions with schoolchildren well below voting age; Metzenbaum had no such time-wasting troubles. Glenn had opposed the state Democratic organization six years ago. "John doesn't even bother to see the county chairman when he is in town," a Metzenbaum aide observed. Glenn's opponent had managed two tough, victorious campaigns for Senator Stephen Young and made good use of the party pros.

Metzenbaum challenged Glenn on his own ground: Glenn favored continuation of massive spending on space exploration, while Metzenbaum argued that the money would be better used for the mundane. Metzenbaum attracted labor backing, heavy Jewish support and the endorsement of Cleveland's black mayor, Carl Stokes. Most of all, however, what put Metzenbaum across was harder work and a costly, deftly executed television campaign.

Two-Way Loss. Whether Metzenbaum can come from behind again in November to win the Senate seat that Young is relinquishing is problematical. His training in taking on the famous, however, will hardly be wasted. His opponent is Robert Taft Jr., still "Young Bob" at 53, scion of the state's most honored political family. Taft squeezed past Ohio's popular Governor James Rhodes to win the Republican senatorial nomination by only 3,165 votes out of more than 900,000 cast. Ohio experts agree that what made the difference was allegations in LIFE that the Governor had been unduly kind to a jailed mafioso, and that he had run into trouble with the Internal Revenue Service over alleged misuse of campaign funds.

Rhodes also may have been hurt by the killing of four Kent State students the day before the primary. He had successfully opposed hard-line state legislation against student protesters, and Taft headquarters criticized Rhodes for that opposition only hours after National Guardsmen—ordered to Kent State by Rhodes—shot the students. On the issue of campus violence, Rhodes had no way he could possibly win. He was damned because he did and damned because he didn't.

Rhodes has been forced to give up the Governor's chair because the state constitution forbids a man to hold the office for more than two terms in succession. To replace him, the Republicans nominated State Auditor Roger Cloud, a moderate who won 50% of the vote in a field of three that included U.S. Representative Donald ("Buz") Lukens, a Goldwaterite who once led a conservative takeover of the national Young Republicans. Cloud's opponent will be John Gilligan of Cincinnati, a former Congressman (Taft defeated him in 1966) who swept the nomination with 60% of the Democratic ballots cast.

ALABAMA

What slipped George Wallace into second place was the new and fragile coalition that has begun to appear in scattered parts of the Deep South. It is made up of increasingly powerful blacks, the young and the upper middle class, which finds itself embarrassed by the redneck, racist style of old-guard Southern politicians. Governor Albert Brewer, who succeeded Lurleen Wallace when she died of cancer two years ago, possesses a fresh, relatively polished approach that earned him 420,524 votes at the latest tallies, to 409,029 for Wallace (five other candidates shared the balance). Wallace was hanged in effigy at Auburn University. In the Birmingham suburbs of Mountain Brook and Vestavia Hills, wealthy housewives told their maids and garden boys to come to work late or take off early in order to vote for Brewer. It worked. In one Vestavia Hills precinct, for instance, Brewer led Wallace by 1,445 to 397. Alabama is one of the few states where voters can switch parties in a primary, and Republicans openly crossed over to vote against Wallace.

New Day's Dawn. The two men meet in a June 2 runoff that will decide the governorship; no Republican is running. Brewer, who called his lead "the miracle of the century," has an important psychological edge: only once in the last 50 years has the leader in the opening heat lost an Alabama runoff. Wallace complained of a "bloc black vote" against him. Indeed, blacks turned out in record numbers, splitting their votes between Brewer and Charles Woods, a wealthy businessman who ran a surprisingly solid third.

Alabama's blacks hold the key to the June 2 result. They will go strongly for Brewer, and there is a possibility



METZENBAUM & WIFE
Question of space.

that a backlash for Wallace will build among white Alabamians who feel that Brewer is the blacks' candidate. Blacks are well aware of this possibility, and they intend to keep their support of Brewer as quiet as they can.

If Brewer does defeat him in the runoff, Wallace will be seriously hurt nationally—but he will not necessarily be eliminated as a factor in the 1972 presidential elections. If Richard Nixon's "go slow" school desegregation policies have not completely mollified the South, and if there is still deep national malaise over crime, the war and dissent on the campuses, there will be nothing to keep him from declaring "I told you so" and mounting the same kind of diversionary campaign he did in 1968.



BREWER & WIFE
Matter of coalition.

THE SUPREME COURT Repairing the Damage

Not since the Civil War has a Supreme Court seat been vacant for so long. Not since the fight over Louis Brandeis in 1916 has a court nomination stirred up so destructive a dispute as that produced by the unsuccessful Carswell and Haynsworth nominations. With an almost palpable sense of relief, the Senate is set to begin the repair process this week by consenting—cheerfully—to the appointment of Federal Circuit Judge Harry Blackmun to the place vacated by Abe Fortas' forced resignation twelve months ago.

Without a dissenting vote or even an argument, the Senate Judiciary Committee last week approved the nomination of the quiet, austere Minnesotan. In its brief report, the committee termed Blackmun "thoroughly qualified" and noted that "not a single witness appeared in opposition."

Remembering how Clement Haynsworth Jr.'s candidacy foundered on allegations of conflict of interest, the committee delved deeply into Blackmun's financial record. The Senators noted that in his eleven years on the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals, Blackmun heard 900 cases and participated in only four suits where he had even a remote financial interest in one of the litigants. The committee backed the American Bar Association's finding that "his stockholdings are so small that, in our opinion, he violated no statute or canon."

Indiana Democrat Birch Bayh, leader of the successful opposition to both Haynsworth and G. Harrold Carswell, implicitly contrasted Blackmun to Carswell, who was criticized for insensitivity toward racial issues. Though Blackmun has been labeled a conservative, the liberal Bayh said: "There is every indication that Judge Blackmun is aware of the crucial questions of civil rights and human rights facing our nation—and is equipped to deal with them with sensitivity, understanding and intelligence."

CRIME

A Good Deal

"The first duty of a revolutionist is not to get caught."

—Abbie Hoffman

Having broken rule No. 1, the New York trio charged with conspiring to bomb federal buildings dropped their revolutionary posture altogether last week. Like ordinary criminals facing possible conviction, they bargained with the authorities. Then Jane Alpert, 22, Samuel Melville, 34, and John Hughey III, 22, meekly dropped their defense and pleaded guilty to the conspiracy charges.

Why did these ideologues, steeped in the rhetoric of unremitting resistance and supreme sacrifice, cave in so ignominiously? "It was a good deal," said

the soft-spoken Miss Alpert. Had they gone to trial, she could have received 65 years in jail. Melville faced up to 390 years, and Hughey 25 years. Under the bargain made with the prosecution, most of the charges concerning the actual planting of bombs contained in the 19-count indictment were dismissed. Melville—who also admitted one bombing—can now get a maximum of 18 years and a \$30,000 fine; Alpert and Hughey, five years and a \$10,000 fine each. Sentencing will take place next month.

Jane Alpert, an honors graduate of Swarthmore and ardent Women's Liberationist, argued that the copped plea was not a cop-out. "The enemy would have been sitting in judgment and using its own rules," she said. "It wasn't a political thing—just a purely pragmatic choice on our part."

It was an odd end for an almost incredibly naive band of self-styled *narodniki*. There had been a four-month spree of bombings in commercial and federal buildings and other public places in Manhattan. The explosions caused 19 minor injuries.

It was almost fortuitous that the cops ran down the New York threesome. A 39-year-old government informer, George Demmerle, made such an underground name for himself as a radical heavy—"he wore outlandish clothes, threw bottles at the cops, got arrested a number of times," one official says—that Melville actually sought him out to help. On Nov. 12, Melville and Demmerle were arrested as they planted four bombs in Army trucks at an armory at 26th Street and Lexington Avenue. Minutes later, Alpert and Hughey were caught in their apartment.

INVESTIGATIONS

Inadmissible Evidence

Ever since 14 plainclothesmen shot their way into a Chicago Black Panther apartment last December and killed Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, there have been serious doubts about the authorities' contention that the Panthers opened fire first and put up major resistance. Reporters found evidence that the gun battle was largely one-sided; Panthers claimed that the cops had staged the raid to murder black leaders. Last week further shadows were cast on the police story when the state abruptly dropped all charges, including that of attempted murder, against the seven Panthers who survived.

Edward V. Hanrahan, the Cook County state's attorney whose men had staged the foray, still insisted that the police version was true. He was forced to abandon the case, he explained, because new evidence showed that important information supplied by the Chicago police laboratory had been faulty. Also, some of the evidence would have been inadmissible because of the method by which it was obtained. But Hanrahan's explanation, like the entire police ac-

count of the incident, was clouded by elisions and puzzling inconsistencies. Bobby Rush, Illinois Panther chief, seized on the statement to charge that the incident was not "a shoot-out, it was a shoot-in."

THE CONGRESS

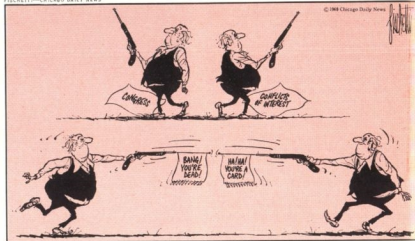
Ethics for Everyone

Carping at the more egregious ethical lapses on Capitol Hill is a popular American sport. It is in season all the time, and offers bounties to political scientists and editorial writers whenever a plump target like Bobby Baker, Senator Thomas Dodd or Representative Adam Clayton Powell pops up. The

man's firm takes no cases that involve appearances before federal agencies, because that is illegal. Instead, it refers such business to the partner firm. Two Representatives who have participated in double-door practices are Emanuel Celler, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and Jacob Gilbert, both of New York. Among those on the banking committee who hold bank offices or have financial interests in banks back home are William Chappell of Florida, Thomas Rees of California and Robert Stephens of Georgia. To avoid these and other possible abuses, the report recommends that:

► Congressmen should voluntarily abstain from serving as officers, directors,

FISCHETTI—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS



"YOU EXPECTED BLOOD, MAYBE?"

sport is perfectly legitimate, especially because Congressmen are often hasty to impose tougher conflict-of-interest standards on others than on their own erring colleagues. But serious, searching analysis of the subject is uncommon. Last week the Association of the Bar of the City of New York produced exactly that—a study at once revealing of abuses and constructive in its proposals for remedy.

The report, published by Athenaeum as *Congress and the Public Trust*, concludes: "The public should be properly appreciative of the ethics advancement in Congress over the past few years. Nonetheless, much remains to be done." After a three-year study financed by the Ford Foundation, an eleven-man team headed by Louis M. Loeb found, for example, that in 1969, 13 of the 35 members of the House Banking and Currency Committee held interests or official positions in banks. Also, some 60% of Senators and Representatives are members of the bar.

Double Doors. More than a third of the lawyer-legislators continue to practice law while holding office. In some instances, they resort to dual-partnership or "double-door" practice: two law firms are created, one with and one without the congressional partner. The Congress-

trustees or partners in any commercial enterprise.

► Congressmen should make broader disclosure of their financial interests than they are required to do now. Under the current ethics code, Senators must divulge honoraria of over \$300; House members are required to disclose income of over \$5,000 that might create a conflict of interest.

► No Congressman should engage in any kind of law practice, except possibly during a transition period—a new Senator appointed to fill out an uncompleted term or a Representative in his first four years in the House. Double-door dealings should be avoided.

► Members should voluntarily avoid any economic interests that might be affected by legislation that comes within their committee's jurisdiction.

The report goes out of its way to take a conciliatory tone and to make recommendations that "would be realistically constructive and helpful to enable the members of Congress to render better service and earn a substantially greater degree of public confidence." After all, only Congress can make the rules and enact the laws for governing itself, so the bar experts were careful not to treat the legislators as though they were members of a criminal class.

Is springtime
your time?

Enjoy it
right here

...you can't take the country out of Salem





**Chevrolet launches
the space vehicle.
'71 Chevy Van.**

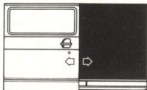
New forward engine design— for up to 34% more load length.



Other vans just lost the space race. From now on you've got two choices: An ordinary van or a Chevy Van. We've put Chevy Van that far ahead. First thing we did was put our engine farther ahead. Giving more load area behind it (and easier access from the front seat to the load area). Then we multiplied this new room even more by making Chevy Van wheelbases longer.

To 110 and 125 inches.
■ First result: 34% more useable load length.
■ Second result: 15% more cubic load space.
■ Third result: 33% more payload capacity. To 3,750 lbs.

New sliding side door— for easier parking and loading.



We also set our engineers to thinking about outer space. Like why should swinging side doors take up so much room between you and your loading spot? First answer: They shouldn't. Second answer: Our new sliding side door. Full-width. One-piece. Set solid on three

tracks. Smooth and quiet as a moving shadow. No other popular van's got anything like it. And that's not the only jump we got on the others here. There's a new built-in step. Hidden from snow, slush and even you. Until you slide open the door.



Conventional swinging type

New extended hood makes 26 service checks easier.



Lift our hood and the engine almost jumps out at you.

Engine, battery, radiator—the whole works. Ready to get at with less downtime, less expense.

Plus things like carburetor, fuel pump and fan belt that you just can't get at this way in most other front-hooded vans.

And because we put our engine up where it is, we didn't have to pack things in like sardines. We gave you more room to work. It's as much a space vehicle in front as it is in back.

Biggest 6 in its field— plus new V8 power.

Chevy Van's standard six is 155 hp. A full 35 hp more than the standard six in any other popular van. We give you a 10-inch clutch—which is larger than the others. We've got a brand-new 350 V8 available for '71. And more transmissions to select from too.

New front seat location— for easier ins and outs.



Thanks to our new front end and longer wheelbases again. They let us move our front wheel-housings forward. Out of the doorway. Out of your way. With more driving comfort, too, because you're no longer riding directly over the wheels.

Smoother-riding, job-proved independent suspension.



We added a new independent front suspension, too. The kind Chevy's built and tested more of (over 1½ million more than anybody else). Each wheel is independent. Road shock doesn't get passed on. And we didn't forget the rear suspension. Two-stage springs are standard. Most other vans: single-stage springs are standard.

High-level ventilation for more driver comfort.



Most vans take in their air supply down at bumper level. Not Chevy Van. We designed a ventilation system that takes in air up near the windshield. Then passes it through a special chamber to help reduce moisture. Someday we imagine all vans will be coming up for air.



Low level type

Higher, wider rear doors take cargo other vans can't.



Our new sliding side door has only one rival. Our new rear doors. They open over 54 inches wide. Other popular van rear doors would fit inside with room to spare all the way around. And ours still open all the way, like they always have. Not part way, like other vans' still do.

New Sportvan: travel space for 12.



What Chevy Van's done for cargo-room, Sportvan's done for people-room.

Order seats for 5, 8 or 12. A thick-carpeted Beauville model. And remember, too, a roomy, comfortably furnished Chevy Van or Sportvan camper can cost a lot less than other kinds. The space vehicle.

Where else on earth but at your nearby Chevrolet dealer's.



Putting you first, keeps us first.

THE WORLD

A Return to Confrontation

WHEN President Nixon announced two weeks ago that he was sending U.S. combat troops into Cambodia, he hoped to achieve two major goals. One was to force Hanoi into meaningful negotiations. The other was to reassure America's allies that in a crisis the U.S. would not "be found wanting." On both counts, he not only failed but failed disastrously.

The North Vietnamese postponed last week's scheduled session of the Paris peace talks (it has been rescheduled for next week) and once again rejected a new Geneva Conference or any other broad meeting to settle the war. Washington's allies were dismayed by what they regarded as an expression not of firmness but of sheer recklessness. Rock-throwing, flag-burning demonstrations against the U.S. erupted in scores of foreign cities. Perhaps worst of all, the move threatened to cast a shadow over two critical negotiations with the Communist giants—the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT) with the Soviets in Vienna and the exploratory discussions with the Chinese in Warsaw. The President, who invoked an "era of negotiation" in his Inaugural, had now provoked a period of confrontation.

Question of Veracity. In Moscow, Soviet Defense Minister Andrei Grechko warned that the time had passed when "encroachments on the independence and freedom of peoples can go un-

punished." Perhaps more significant, Premier Aleksei Kosygin called the first press conference held by a Kremlin leader in Moscow since Nikita Khrushchev's famous U-2 spy-plane disclosure in 1960. Though he made no suggestion of direct Soviet involvement in Indochina, Kosygin harshly upbraided the U.S. and launched the sharpest personal attack on Nixon to date by a Russian leader. The Soviet Premier, whose appearance was carried live on Russian television, charged that the widening of the war raised serious questions. "What is the value of international agreements, which the United States is or intends to be a party to," Kosygin asked, "if it so unceremoniously violates its obligations?" Kosygin was plainly referring to SALT, and though the sixth session of the talks went ahead as scheduled, Soviet delegates reportedly did cite Cambodia as an issue that undermined trust in the U.S.

Some Western diplomats were concerned that the Cambodian venture might even give the feuding Soviets and Chinese an area in which they could cooperate—for the first time in a decade. According to reports from Moscow, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Vasily Kuznetsov, who last week returned to Peking, carried instructions to seek a joint Sino-Soviet approach on Indochina. Furthermore, when North Viet Nam's Party Leader Le Duan left



KOSYGIN AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Harsh words at a rare event.

Moscow for Peking after last month's Lenin centennial, he reportedly carried a Soviet suggestion to Chairman Mao that the two countries should get together, at least over Southeast Asia.

Washington's European allies were miffed because they were neither consulted nor advised in advance about the Cambodian move. Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who had proudly pointed out his "hot line" to Washington during a television interview only a few days before, was acutely embarrassed. So was France's President Georges Pompidou, who had told intimates after he returned from his U.S. visit last February: "There will be no issues that surprise us." So, too, was West Germany's Chancellor Willy Brandt, who has been criticized by the U.S. for not consulting Washington about his *Ostpolitik* initiatives.

Bonn Dissent. The deeper reaction was one of alarmed concern that the U.S. may be on the brink of a dangerous internal upheaval that could drastically reduce its role as Europe's friend and protector. For the first time in its 21-year history, West Germany not only openly refused to give its approval to a major U.S. initiative, but actually issued a strong statement of regret about the action. Italy's Foreign Minister Aldo Moro spoke of his government's "deep concern" that Cambodia would make "the search for negotiated solutions in every part of the world more difficult." In Britain, 61 Labor members of Parliament voted to condemn the U.S. action and at least ten more refused to support Wilson's neutral stance. It was the biggest breach in party discipline in Wilson's six years in power. Among NATO nations, unreserved support came only from Greece, itself an outcast in Europe. Seeking to capitalize on the concern of Western Europeans, *Pravda*



ITALIAN PROTESTERS BURNING U.S. FLAG IN ROME
Harold was embarrassed, Georges was surprised and everybody was alarmed.



The Fiat 124 Special. For some of us, a family car is a machine to get you from one place to another. And if it gets you there, that's good enough. Well, it isn't good enough for Italian car-makers. They're accustomed to the kind of excitement that goes with names such

as Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, and Fiat. Refinements like twin-barrel carburetors, 4-speed stick shifts, 4-wheel disc brakes, reclining bucket seats, and radial tires. To a company like Fiat, how you get there is just as important as where you're going.

FIAT

EXPANDING OFFENSIVE

Major invasion front
 Communist sanctuaries

Mekong R.
 U.S. 11th Armored Cav. Reg.
 Nixon's 21-mile limit
 "The City"
 Mimot
 FISHHOOK
 Operation Total Victory 43
 U.S. Air Corp. Div. and ARVN
 Bu Dop
 Phuoc Binh
 Operation HQ
 Quan Loi
 Operation HQ
 CAMBODIA
 SOUTH VIET NAM
 III CORPS
 Phnom-Penh
 Koki Thom
 Recaptured by
 Cambodian army
 Neak Luong
 Held by Viet Cong
 Operation Bold Lancer
 U.S. 25th Inf. Div.
 Tay Ninh
 Angel's Wing
 Preauat
 Sway Rieng
 U.S.-SVN flotilla
 10,000 ARVN
 return to IV Corps
 IV CORPS
 Ba Thu
 PARROT'S BEAK
 Operation Total
 Victory 42
 Moc Hoa
 HQ 9th ARVN Div.
 Bien Hoa
 Saigon
 TIMM Map by J. Donovan

Aside from South Viet Nam, only four Asian and Pacific countries openly backed Nixon's decision. In three of them—South Korea, Taiwan and Thailand—military-backed regimes kept a firm lid on any outbursts of local public displeasure. In Australia, however, no sooner had Prime Minister John Gorton announced his government's support of Nixon's action than demonstrators took to the streets in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, just as they did in much of the rest of the world.

A detailed map of North and South Vietnam, showing military operations and sanctuaries. The map includes the following features:

- Geographical Labels:** LAOS, NORTH VIET NAM, HAINAN, THAILAND, CAMBODIA, SOUTH VIET NAM.
- Key Locations and Passes:** Mu Giu Pass, DMZ, F.3.3 Henderson, Tanang (shelled), Hoi An, Tam Ky, Pleiku HQ, ARVN 22nd Div., Saigon, Phnom Penh, Kompong Som, Ream.
- Military Operations and Units:** U.S. air strikes, I Corps, Operation Pacific West One, U.S. 4th Div., II Corps, III Corps, IV Corps.
- Sanctuaries and Bases:** NVA base area 702, LZ Fox.
- Legend:**
 - Red star: Communist attacks
 - Red square: Communist sanctuaries
- Scale:** 0 to 150 miles.

Of the new thrusts launched last week, the two most important were aimed at areas from which North Vietnamese

OPERATION BOLD LANCER, directed at Base Area 354, between the Fishhook and the Parrot's Beak. The area has long been home for one of the most destructive of all Communist units, the crack 95C Regiment of the North Vietnamese Army, which has made life miserable for the allies in War Zone C in Tay Ninh province. Base Area 354 has also served as headquarters for the NVA's 9th Division, which has led every major attack on the Saigon area in recent years and is considered by U.S. officers to be the best of the Communist divisions. Bold Lancer, which involved a brigade of the U.S. 25th Infantry Division, fell behind schedule almost immediately. When the troops arrived at the Cambodian town of Tasuon, an enemy rest and training area, they found half-eaten meals and abandoned NVA rucksacks and mess kits, but no NVA.

OPERATION PACIFY WEST ONE, directed at Base Area 702 in the densely foliated Central Highlands. It was from this sanctuary that the Communists masterminded a host of battles, including the recent assaults on camps at Bu Prang and Duc Lap. Elements of the U.S. 4th Infantry Division and Saigon's 22nd Division are involved in the operation, which promises to be particularly arduous because wild terrain rules out anything but travel by foot. Like Bold Lancer, the exercise got off to a sputtering start; vicious ground fire pinned down the first troops to arrive, and



What's a steelmaker doing with a wooden clipper ship?

This three-fourths-size replica of the famous Flying Cloud is in Bethlehem's East Boston ship repair yard. But she is not being made ready to sail the seas. Instead, she is being converted into a special annex for the Boston 1800 Restaurant, a waterfront facility of Holiday Inns, Inc.

Bethlehem Steel has been a leading designer, builder, and repairer of ships for nearly 70 years. We were the largest private builder of U. S. Navy ships during World War II. More recently, Bethlehem built both the nuclear cruiser USS Long Beach and the nuclear frigate USS Bainbridge.



Today, we are busy building tankers, container ships, chemical carriers, . . . and repairing and converting a variety of ships in our yards on the Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coasts. A new shipbuilding basin now under construction will enable our Sparrows Point Yard to build ships up to 300,000 deadweight tons.

At Bethlehem we are continually looking ahead . . . to new steels, new ways to make them, new products, new materials, and new methods to get them to our customers quickly.

BETHLEHEM STEEL



One of the fastest sailing ships in history, the original Flying Cloud was built in an East Boston shipyard in 1851. Before being destroyed by a dock-side fire in 1874, she established an all-time sailing record by racing "round the Horn" to gold-crazy San Francisco in 89 days.



Eastern's New Orleans Commitment.

We, the people of Eastern Airlines, all 32,000 of us, in recognition that more and more people are choosing Eastern flights to New Orleans, do hereby make this commitment:

We will, to the best of our individual abilities, do everything we can to make flying natural, comfortable, and uncomplicated.

We, the reservations agents, will use our \$27 million computer to confirm reservations to New Orleans in 20 seconds.

We, the baggage handlers, recognizing that the one thing worse than waiting ages for your bags is having them arrive damaged, will treat your bags with both care *and* dispatch.

We, the ground hostesses, will station ourselves in front of the ticket counter, not behind it, so that we may easily come to the aid of all who seek information.

We, the stewardesses, will work extra hard to make you more

comfortable on your way to New Orleans, realizing that working hard is easier in our more comfortable pants-suits.

We, the mechanics, will strive to have all equipment 100% ready when scheduled, and thereby do our part in sustaining Eastern's #1 position in on-time performance.*

We, the weathermen, will continue to forecast with the same accuracy and comprehensiveness that has already established Eastern's excellence in the important field of meteorology.

We, the management and officers of Eastern Airlines, will continue to salute publicly the contributions of our employees, knowing full well that only by their unwavering dedication to the dream of flight shall we be able to live up to our commitment to make you as at home in the sky as you are on land.

To be the Wings of Man.

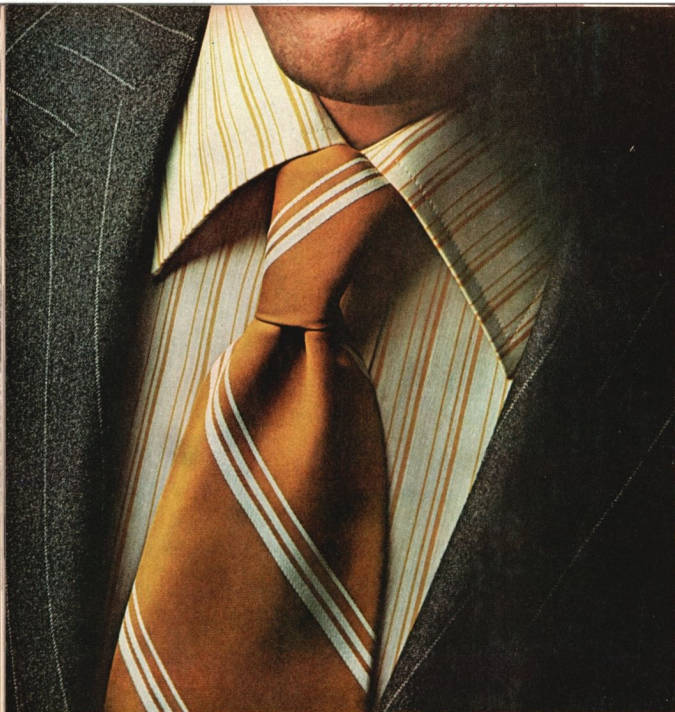
*Based upon all flights arriving within 15 minutes of planned schedule during 1989 between May 1989 and year as reported to the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Eastern flies to 104 cities. Including Atlanta, New Orleans, Nashville, Louisville, Birmingham. At surprisingly low fares. Call us at 467-2900 in Chicago or your travel agent. And charge it if you like.

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Outside the U.S. and Canada it's called MARTINI Vermouth. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



A quick call to Charlie, and the tickets should be at the box office. Then, let Maurice know that dinner should be something special. In the meantime, call her attention to the new wide collar. Just the thing for big ties. And big spenders.

The Anniversary shirt. In an 80/20 blend of Dacron® polyester and cotton that's DECTON Perma-Iron, too—so it never needs ironing. A little extra thoughtful something for her.

Ten memorable striped combinations,

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The Anniversary shirt.
From Arrow, the ^{colorful} white shirt company.

inexplicable shortage of helicopter fuel temporarily kept 1,000 men waiting for the jump-off in Viet Nam. After two days, the troops had combed only 1% of the base area's 115 sq. mi.

A Certain Skepticism. The immediate effect of the Cambodian assaults has been to raise morale in U.S. and ARVN (Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) command posts. When ARVN General Lu Lan told his officers that they would be part of Operation Pacify West, he said last week, "I could see the delight in their eyes." An operations calendar in a unit of the U.S. 25th Infantry Division mixed high spirits and sarcasm: "May 5, March on Laos; May 6, Invade Thailand; May 7, Annex Burma; May 8, Indochina Becomes 51st State."

Nevertheless, a certain skepticism has begun to supplant the initial jubilation with which ranking military men greeted the sanctuary-scouring venture. Doubts are heard even in the Pentagon. Army General Earle G. Wheeler, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, argued from the first that the timing was a big gamble. As Wheeler knows, the fast approaching monsoon rains, two to five weeks away, will mire U.S. and ARVN vehicles in deep red Cambodian mud.

Taking Inventory. Having promised to "clean out" the sanctuaries, the Administration seemed to be reaching hard for quick results to show. At one point, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler breathlessly reported the discovery of "a major sophisticated base complex" in the Fishhook area. Could it be COSVN (Central Office for South Viet Nam), the storied Communist headquarters? Hardly. COSVN, far from being a jungle Pentagon, is actually a mobile staff of some 2,300 Communist planners and administrators, operating out of modest huts and bunkers and frequently shifting locales. Intelligence experts believe that the staff moved to safety well before the border thrusts began.

Even so, some sizable discoveries of hardware have been made. The find Ziegler reported turned out to be what troops have nicknamed "the city"—a 2½-sq.-mi. complex of storage huts containing enough weapons, food, medicine and ammunition to supply several Communist divisions. Farther north in the Fishhook region, a U.S. Air Cav unit found an even bigger depot that, according to observers, made "the city" look like a small suburb. Tons of ammunition, new rifles in factory crates, and even telephone switchboards were found stacked on pallets covered by black tarpaulins. Washington claims that so far the Cambodian drive has turned

up a total of 4,793 small arms, 730 mortars and other "crew-served" weapons, 3,254,963 rounds of rifle and machine-gun ammunition, 7,285 rockets, 124 trucks and 2,182,000 lbs. of rice.

After less than two weeks of combat in Cambodia, the U.S. has suffered 53 dead and ARVN 157, while claiming 2,891 Communist dead. Except for a number of small actions, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong have chosen to melt into the jungle rather than risk large units against the superior allied firepower. One of the few exceptions was Snuol, a Cambodian plantation town of 6,000, north of the Fishhook. Approaching Snuol in midafternoon, an 11th Armored Cavalry unit encountered enemy fire and called in heavy air strikes. Next morning a tank column entered the empty, smoking city to find it three-

Ten Days—or Ten Years

"The peasants are befuddled," a French businessman said in Phnom-Penh last week. "Prince Sihanouk had been increasingly anti-Viet Cong. Now he joins with the Viet Cong to kill Cambodians. I strongly doubt that the peasants will support him, even if he were to return to a 'liberated zone' in the country." That appraisal is shared by many observers, Western and Cambodian. If it is accurate, it may mean a considerably longer life for the regime of Premier Lon Nol than seemed possible a short while ago.

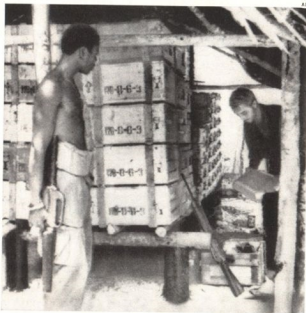
Partly Illusory. The chunky 56-year-old general, who led the group that ousted Norodom Sihanouk as Cambodia's chief of state two months ago, has grievous problems nonetheless. Outside the

now embattled sanctuaries, Communist forces seem ubiquitous and unbeatable in the entire third of the country east of the Mekong River. Last week they launched a major thrust west of the Mekong as well, when a force of up to 600 Viet Cong and North Vietnamese seized the ferry crossing at Neak Luong, then drove up densely forested Route 1 to within 30 miles of Phnom-Penh.

Despite the apparent menace, however, there are no hard signs yet that the Communists really intend to attack the capital. Moreover, their successes are at least partly illusory. The North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces have been operating in small bands, occupying a town or blocking a road for a few days, then disappearing when challenged by sizable force. Still, Lon Nol is taking no chances. In Phnom-Penh, soldiers were installing Soviet-made

122-mm. artillery pieces to ward off any thrust from the south. Other troops, including elements of a 3,000-man contingent of Cambodian mercenaries who had fought with American Green Berets in Viet Nam, mounted a counterattack on Neak Luong. The tough, red-scarfed mercenaries, who were airlifted into Phnom-Penh last week to back up Lon Nol's weak 35,000-man army, expect to link up with South Vietnamese forces that were closing in on Neak Luong at week's end.

Princely. In the political struggle for the loyalties of the nation's 7,000,000 people, Lon Nol is at least holding his own; at best, he is solidifying his position. He has, in fact, received an unexpected assist from Sihanouk. In Peking last week, the deposed Prince formally set up his own Cambodian government in exile, complete with a twelve-member Cabinet and a platform in-



EXAMINING AMMO CACHE IN THE FISHHOOK
Mixture of high spirits and sarcasm.

quarters destroyed, and the enemy gone. As the tanks rolled over empty enemy bunkers, shirtless G.I.s strode out of the few remaining shops carrying thermos coolers, cases of soda pop and wads of Cambodian currency. On the back of one tank sat a motor bike.

Anniversary Attacks. In Saigon, U.S. and ARVN planners are still uncertain how the Communists will respond to the Cambodian offensive. Most believe the heaviest retaliatory attacks will be aimed at South Viet Nam's northern I Corps. Last week, on the anniversary of Dienbienphu, the Communists launched rocket and mortar attacks against 64 towns and cities in I Corps. In a fierce predawn assault on Firebase Henderson, 15 miles south of the Demilitarized Zone, Communist attackers killed 19 South Vietnamese and 32 Americans—the highest U.S. casualty toll for a single skirmish in two years.

cluding items like abolition of polygamy. His self-styled New Royal Government of National Union won instant recognition from several Communist countries, prompting Sihanouk to quip that, as a French-educated aristocrat and heir to a 2,000-year-old monarchy, he could not be a Red but only a "pink Prince." Cambodia's predominantly rural people may not be all that amused. They are not so much anti-Communist as anti-Vietnamese, and Sihanouk's increasing dependence on Hanoi can only weaken his residual popularity.

Playing on this sentiment, Lon Nol's government is continuing its strident campaign against the 500,000-member Vietnamese community. The drive has proved to be the new government's strongest—if crudest—rallying point. At present, Vietnamese residents of the capital are allowed to leave their homes only between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m.

Turning to Terror. The harsh anti-Vietnamese campaign has provoked outrage abroad, and Lon Nol has undertaken some more positive, if less publicized, measures to reinforce his position. As a result of his emphasis on maintaining basic services, garbage is collected regularly and, except in Communist-controlled areas, the rudimentary telephone system is still functioning. The value of the riel has slipped from 63 to 80 to the U.S. dollar since the coup, partly because the Communists have been creating havoc with rubber exports. Yet the economy remains basically stable, and a record rice crop is expected.

Lon Nol's government has a couple of other things going for it. Because efforts to create a popular "Sihanouk Army" through persuasion have got nowhere, the Communists are increasingly turning to terror—collecting "taxes" and conscripting young villagers as porters under threat of death. Such tactics are bound to win new supporters for Lon Nol among the peasantry.

The government has also benefited from stories of the under-the-counter arms trade with the Vietnamese Communists that flourished during Sihanouk's rule. A group close to Sihanouk's fourth wife Monique profited for years by delivering Communist arms and supplies from Cambodian ports to Communist border sanctuaries. The arms arrived in innocent-looking crates or bore phony papers addressing them to the Cambodian army. Sihanouk's inability or unwillingness to halt the traffic helped bring about the Prince's downfall in March.

The government's chief hope for a long life, of course, is that the war in the sanctuaries will exhaust the Communists. "Keep the Viet Cong busy for ten more days," Phnom-Penh urged its troops last week. "Keep them from eating and sleeping, and in a little while they will be at the end of their strength." At about the same time, however, Sihanouk was saying in Peking that he would continue to fight, "even if it takes 10 or 20 or 30 years."

V-E DAY: Europe's Separate Fates

A quarter of a century ago, the exhausted and half-leveled Continent of Europe declared an end to World War II. It was V-E day, the moment of Nazi Germany's unconditional surrender to the Allied forces of the U.S., Britain and the Soviet Union. In retrospect, May 8, 1945, was not the joyous release from conflict that it seemed to anyone who still remembers that bright

spring day. Within a few short years, a cold war would descend on the Continent, turning it into a zone of seemingly permanent confrontation. Last week the nations that battled for the soil of Europe were marking the anniversary in very different ways. The following stories from three European capitals examine their separate observances and separate fates:

MOSCOW

Modest Comeback

He appeared as a contemplative, grandfatherly figure, sucking gently on an ever-present pipe and nodding attentively to the generals who surrounded him. When his picture first flashed onto the screen, perhaps a fourth of the au-

drive, showed up last week in an exhibition hall filled with World War II displays.

What does the rehabilitation mean? Few believe that the present Soviet leaders, despite their problems with economic shortcomings and political dissent, plan to reinstate Stalin's brutal fist as well as his statues. Official Soviet histories continue to condemn his political "excesses" during the Great Purges of the 1930s. The more likely explanation for his current limited elevation is that the regime's major military figures want to build up their roles in World War II—and they can hardly avoid upgrading their wartime leader in the process.

Decisive Front. At the same time, the Soviets are seeking to emphasize what they see as the pre-eminent role of the Red Army in winning the war. Convinced that U.S. Historian Hanson Baldwin gave insufficient credit to the Soviet Union in his *Battles Lost and Won* in the second World War, the current issue of the humor magazine *Krokodil* shows a caricature of him standing before a map of Europe from which the eastern half has been ripped away. In the caption, Baldwin tells a cigar-smoking capitalist: "At last, sir, I have managed to restore a full map of the war's events." (In fact, Baldwin's book devotes a large chapter to the Battle of Stalingrad.)

In a similar vein, Soviet Defense Minister Andrei Grechko told a gathering of top party and military officials last week in the Kremlin's Palace of Congresses: "This is the historic truth: throughout World War II, the Soviet-German front was the main, decisive front." In an hour-long speech, Grechko's only acknowledgement of the U.S. and British role in winning the war was the grudging line: "The contribution of the peoples and armed forces of our Allies in the anti-Nazi coalition is also known."

To an extent, Stalin's legend is getting little more than a coat of armor from the Soviet emphasis on the glories and sacrifices of World War II. It is a more balanced view than he was accorded under Khrushchev, who overemphasized Stalin's failure to prepare Russia for war and underplayed his leadership role. But the smiling father figure pictured on the screen, as many Russians know all too well, was also responsible for the deaths of millions of



STALIN AT POTSDAM CONFERENCE (1945)
On the military's coattails.

dience, gathered in Moscow last week for the first public showing of the 34-hour feature film *Osvobozhdeniye* (Liberation), broke into spontaneous applause. Others remained coldly silent. At least one recalled aloud the suffering that had been caused by Iosif Vissarionovich Stalin.

Brutal Fist. Gradually, but ever more noticeably, the image of the dictator who ruled the Soviet Union for nearly 40 years is enjoying a public refurbishing. Russia's public celebration marking the 25th anniversary of the defeat of Nazi Germany accentuated the trend. Stalin's name has appeared frequently and admiringly in a torrent of war memoirs and newspaper articles. The first bust of him to be seen in Moscow since 1956, when Nikita Khrushchev launched the destalinization

his own people and a reign of cruelty rarely surpassed. What eventual effect his modest comeback will have on the Soviet Union, and whether it can be limited to a partial rehabilitation, are unsettling questions.

BONN

Painful Reminiscences

While the victorious Allies have marked V-E day each year with parades and speeches, the enormity of Germany's guilt and shame has imposed an anguished silence upon that country. Last week, 25 years after the *Zusammenbruch* (collapse) of the Third Reich, West Germany's first Social Democrat Chancellor broke with tradition. In a 21-minute speech to the Bundestag, Brandt declared that "no one is free from the history he has inherited."

An anti-Nazi who fled Germany in 1933, Brandt said that, while West Germany has become a respected and envied member of the family of nations, "we must not forget that the wounds of war have not vanished everywhere, that mistrust has not vanished everywhere, but indeed can be evoked in some people at the slightest cause." Recalling that the war unleashed by Adolf Hitler cost the lives of "millions of children, women and men of many nations," Brandt said: "We remember them all with reverence. The suffering resulting from the war warns us not to forget the lessons of the past and to regard the securing of peace as the supreme aim of our political actions."

Toward that end, Brandt said that West Germans must recognize that "facts have come into being during the past 25 years that we simply cannot reverse." Thus Brandt emphasized that he would be willing to sacrifice German claims to the lands east of the Oder-Neisse Line, which has demarcated the Polish-German border since the war's end, in return for better relations with Poland. Brandt's words were also intended for the East German Communist regime. Next week East German Premier Willi Stoph is scheduled to meet with Brandt in the West German city of Kassel in the second summit between the two Germanys.

PRAGUE

Return of the Liberators

When Czechoslovakia last week celebrated the anniversary of its liberation from Nazi Germany, it found itself occupied once again—by the country that "liberated" it in 1945. To compound its embarrassment, Czechoslovakia had to play host to the man who was ultimately responsible for ordering Russian invaders into the country in 1968: Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev.

On his first visit to Prague since the occupation began, Brezhnev brought along a high-powered Soviet delegation,

Alexander Dubček's All Too Human Face

In Ankara, Turkey, as in a score of other capitals, the Czechoslovak embassy held a reception last week to celebrate the country's liberation day. What made the occasion in Ankara so special was its host, Alexander Dubček, who led Czechoslovakia through its "spring of freedom" in 1968 and became a hero to reformers both inside and outside his country, has served as Prague's ambassador in Ankara since January. He has been stripped of all political power; two months after taking up his duties in Turkey, he was even suspended from the Communist Party. TIME Correspondent James Bell recently visited Ankara to find out what has happened to the man who sought to give Communism "a human face." Bell's report:

The last important diplomatic problem between Prague and Ankara involved the divided island of Cyprus, and Dubček's predecessor settled that last summer by agreeing to stop the flow of Czechoslovak arms to the government of Archbishop Makarios. In other words, as far as the Soviet-dominated government in Prague is concerned, Dubček's main job in Ankara is to rusticate. He is doing his best to comply. But after more than three months of keeping a profile low enough to step on, Dubček remains the Turkish capital's star diplomatic attraction.

When he appears at receptions and parties, he is instantly surrounded by newsmen, Turkish officials and other diplomats. In a capital not noted for its excitement, the diplomatic gossip mill seems to run on practically nothing but Dubček tidbits. "He told me he gets a letter every day from each of his three sons in Prague," one woman reported. Even the local children have taken to looking out for him on his quiet walks through Kurulu Park, behind his residence. "Sometimes when the children see me they shout, 'Dubček, Dubček!'" he mentioned recently. "But they don't bother me."

Their elders do. Dubček's press secretary has curtly turned down every request for an interview, usually with the snapped words: "I have no instructions." Dubček, when introduced to journalists at social occasions, prefacing most conversations with a warning: "What I say must not be considered an interview." On my visit to Ankara, while passing the gate of the plain, brownish gray building that serves as the chancellery of the Czechoslovak embassy, I happened to see Dubček come out of his residence next door. He smiled when I

wished him good morning, but the smile left his eyes when I told him that I was an American journalist. "No," he said in English. Then he paused and added, "Please."

Not surprisingly, Dubček is seen most often with Soviet Ambassador Vasily Grubiyakov, whom he visited even before presenting his credentials to President Cevdet Sunay. "That call," said one observer, "was his real presentation of credentials."

At receptions, Dubček has carried on long conversations about farm tractors and spoken of his wish to see more of the world. Once, his ever-present wan smile turning a bit mischievous, he observed that the best place to learn English, which he is studying, would be the Turkish-American Association. But, he went on, he doubted whether he could take advantage of it. The U.S. embassy has bent over backwards to be circumspect in its contacts with Dubček. One American official, asked what the U.S. would do in the extremely unlikely event that Dubček tried to defect, replied: "I'd give him the address of the Canadian embassy."

Actually, there seems to be little likelihood that Dubček will do anything but serve his government loyally in the mediocre job to which he has been assigned. He and his attractive blonde wife Anna, who is soon expected to return to Ankara after a long visit home to care for the Dubček boys, live quietly and frugally in the embassy compound. When there, Mrs. Dubček answers the residence phone herself and personally does the shopping, usually in Ankara's most inexpensive open-air markets.

Dubček is said to be working on a book in his spare time, but few believe that it will contain any explosive indictments. "This is not a bitter man living in the past," says a friend. "He is a prophet of the future—although you would never get him to admit such a thing." He has spoken excitedly in private of West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, and urged that Eastern Europe respond with a creative *Westpolitik*. Without criticizing either the Soviet Union or the present Czechoslovak leadership, he has left the impression that the reforms he worked for are inevitable. But that is a thought that Dubček must keep to himself, at least for the time being. "After a while," as one admirer puts it, "you are impressed that this is a man of strong opinion and great courage. But he is also rather pathetic in this place."

continued on page 30



BREZHNEV RECEIVING MEDAL IN PRAGUE
Inspecting a latter-day occupation.

including Premier Aleksei Kosygin and Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. The Czechoslovak regime that succeeded exiled reformer Alexander Dubček (see box page 29) seemed obsequiously anxious to prove just how far it had progressed toward "normalization." Prague was bedecked with Soviet as well as Czechoslovak flags. Brezhnev was heartily applauded in the elegant gold and white Spanish Hall of Prague's Hradčany Castle when he addressed a combined session of the Federal Assembly, the National Front and the Central Committee. All three bodies have been thoroughly purged of reformist members, sometimes on Brezhnev's personal orders. Czechoslovak Party Boss Gustav Husák dutifully thanked his visitors for their "international assistance," and Brezhnev was formally named a "hero of the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic" for the "liberation" of the country.

To make sure that Czechoslovakia stayed liberated, Brezhnev brought with him a new 20-year Soviet-Czechoslovak friendship pact, even though the current document was not due to expire until 1983. The most important change was the formalizing of the Brezhnev Doctrine, which proclaims Moscow's right to "defend" any member of the Warsaw Pact against "military or revanchist forces." The treaty also calls for mutual military assistance in case of attack, "no matter what state or group of states" is involved. That provision, which the Kremlin treats to insert in the friendship treaties that it has imposed on all the East-bloc countries, would apparently obligate those countries to aid Russia in case of a Sino-Soviet war. Some bloc members, noting that past friendship pacts were designed to foil only "aggression" from the West, are reluctant to comply. Rumania has already indicated dissent.

SOVIET UNION A Depot of Metaphors

When *The Shadow of Sound*, a small volume of poetry, went on sale in Moscow a few weeks ago, the first shipment of 10,000 copies was sold out within two hours. That frenzied response was merely one more proof of the excitement that is generated by Andrei Voznesensky, who at 37 is among the best—and most talked about—of the Soviet Union's younger poets.

Since he first began to publish his poetry twelve years ago, Voznesensky has been sharply rebuked by Nikita Khrushchev and dismissed by conservative critics as a "formalist"—a derogatory term for a Soviet writer who allows himself to become preoccupied with experimentation rather than socialist realism. And he has frequently tussled with officialdom over censorship. His controversial stage revue, *Look Out for Your Faces* (TIME, March 9), an exuberant plea for individuality and self-expression, was ordered closed in February after only two performances. But his widespread popularity as the voice of a new Soviet generation has clearly survived undiminished. "His main quality is his being unfettered," writes So-

ЖАК
ПЛАВКИ БОГА

VOZNESENSKY'S "SEAGULL" PICTURE POEM

viet Author Valentin Katayev in an introduction to the new volume. "The books of Voznesensky are always a depot of metaphors."

The Shadow of Sound is also a depot—or perhaps a birdcage—for a series of picture poems in which words are arranged in the shapes of their subjects. The poet, for instance, ends a sun-washed reverie ("I love to enter the aureole of light/where there are no boundaries") with the image: "The seagull is the bikini of God." Then he recasts these words to form a picture poem (see cut).

One of the volume's best poems, *The Grove*,⁶ translated by R.A.D. Ford, Canadian Ambassador to Moscow and a poet in his own right, is an ode to the natural world in flight from man, who would destroy it:

Don't touch man, little tree,
don't start a fire in him.
So many things go on in him—
Oh God, save him from that!

Don't shoot man, little bird.
The hunt has not opened yet.
In your shade
below
is silence.

So painful is the unknown.

* Copyright 1970 by R.A.D. Ford.

An inexperienced two-legged friend.
You, mink and sable,
Strip the traps from the trail,
so you don't harm your soul.

The past should not poach on him.
He is not guilty of that.
No need, free copse, no need,
to be jealous of his homes.

You stand in such easy shade,
reaching up to the eye-brows—
At least
You don't kill with love.

Give back to him on Sunday
all the berries and mushrooms.
Grant him salvation,
with salvation destroy him.

WEST GERMANY Dirty Linen

Never before had the myth of German cleanliness been questioned so rudely, and the Bundesrepublik erupted in indignant protest. In a full-page advertisement in West Germany's weekly magazine *Der Spiegel*, a family of three was shown in impeccable dress—but all with pigs' faces. Beneath them were the words: "This year, in the average German family, the child will wear his underwear four days, the wife five days and the husband seven days." The ad was placed by the obviously phony "Action Committee for Fresh Underwear," presumably an invention of German soft-goods manufacturers.

Sober periodicals such as the intellectual weekly *Die Zeit* questioned the ad's statistics, and the business journal *Handelsblatt* attacked it as "a model of tastelessness." Popular reaction was less restrained. *Der Spiegel* was deluged by bitter letters of complaint.

Less emotional observers, however,




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wondered whether the very scale of the response indicated that the accusation had hit home. A poll taken by the Al-lensbach Institute showed that three out of four Germans rated themselves "exceptionally clean." The average German housewife spends perhaps four hours daily scrubbing and polishing her home, and 75% of car owners feel obliged to wash and polish their autos every Saturday afternoon.

This obsessive cleanliness, however, applies chiefly to things the neighbors may see—and not to more personal areas. According to statistics gathered by two highly reliable market-research institutes, the average German changes his shirt every other day, his socks and underwear every three to four days, and his bed linen every four weeks. More than half of West Germany's citizens brush their teeth only rarely, and the same proportion bathe only once a week; for roughly 10% of the population, the figure is once every four weeks.

The cleanliness issue has cropped up across the border, too. East Germany's Volksarmee, honoring Lenin's 100th birthday, recently launched "Operation Clean Underpants" with an ambitious goal: to get 80% of the troops to change their shorts once a week. The results have been scanty. Many soldiers simply wrote home for more underwear and regularly sent the new arrivals, unworn, to the Army laundry. Meanwhile they continued to wear, for periods of up to several weeks, the older, more lived-in garments to which they had become so attached.

IRELAND

Guns Across the Border

The bitter Protestant-Catholic rioting in Northern Ireland last August aroused predictable sympathy in the largely Catholic Irish Republic to the south. Last week there were charges that extremists in Eire have been providing far more palpable support. In a whirl of charges and countercharges, Prime Minister Jack Lynch fired two of his Cabinet ministers. A third resigned in sympathy. At week's end Lynch reshuffled his entire Cabinet. Behind the firings was the story, not yet fully substantiated, of an arms plot intended to strengthen the outnumbered Catholics of the North.

Though Lynch appeared convinced that the two ousted ministers were linked directly to the rumored plot, both men—former Agriculture Minister Neil Blaney and ex-Finance Minister Charles Haughey—flatly denied any involvement. In any event, disclosure of the gun-running story heightened Protestant fears of a Catholic plot to take over Ulster and strengthened the hand of such right-wingers as the Rev. Ian Paisley. To appalled moderates on both sides of the Irish border, this seemed to promise renewed religious strife in the North this summer.

THE MIDDLE EAST

The Next Best Thing

"There is nothing I would not give if I could promise you peace," Israel's Premier Golda Meir said in a message to her armed forces last week, "but I cannot promise it." With no end in sight to the prolonged Middle East crisis, Golda's government offered the troops the next best thing. In advance of the country's 22nd anniversary celebrations this week, the Defense Ministry unveiled three new and formidable Israeli-developed weapons systems:

► An almost totally redesigned version of the U.S.-built M-48 Patton tank, which now mounts a British 105-mm. cannon, is driven by a diesel instead of a gasoline engine, and may be the equal of Egypt's Soviet-supplied T-55s.

► A 90-mm. antitank gun, mounted on a halftrack chassis and capable of traversing from side to side, which considerably increases desert firepower.

► Most impressive of all, the ship-based Gabriel missile, a flat-trajectory supersonic weapon against which no defense is reported to have been built as yet.

The Gabriels are mounted on Israel's twelve-ship flotilla of speed (over 40 knots) French-built missile boats, the last five of which were smuggled out of Cherbourg in December in defiance of France's arms embargo. Each *Sa'ar* (Hebrew for storm) carries eight Gabriels. According to Pentagon specialists, the missile represents a technological breakthrough and greatly outperforms the Soviet Styx system, which the Egyptian navy used to sink the Israeli destroyer *Elath* in 1967. Its guidance is self-contained, combining both infra-red (heat-seeking) and radar-homing techniques. The Gabriel hunts down its target at such low levels that it becomes

coated with sea spray on long flights. Washington is particularly interested in the fact that the new missile seems to be eminently capable of delivering a nuclear warhead.

Commando Raids. The new arms promised to be of benefit in any renewal of all-out fighting. Last week, however, Israel was concerned with smaller-scale attacks by Arab commandos. On the Jordan frontier, an Israeli unit on night patrol spotted three Fatah scouts. Taking cover, the Israelis held their fire until the Fatah main force arrived to join the scouts. A body count produced 21 claimed dead—the largest number of commandos ever killed in one fight on Israeli territory. Three other major Arab thrusts came from southern Lebanon. Rockets killed a father and daughter in the east Galilee town of Kiryat Shemona; three Israeli soldiers died in an ambush on the foothills of Mount Hermon, and Israeli police near Haifa trapped a Fatah band, claiming four kills while suffering three wounded. In the wake of those attacks, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan warned: "Israel must take action across the border." Late in the week, Israeli jets struck at fedayeen-controlled areas in south Lebanon.

Dayan also voiced concern about another border—the one with Egypt. Intelligence sources disclosed last week that Moscow is sending Cairo not only SA-3 anti-aircraft missiles, Soviet pilots and technicians, but also "J"-model MIG-21s, which use tip-tanks for greater range and are capable of striking deep into Israeli-held territory. "Until now, our planes have not encountered Russians in the air and have not hit them on the ground," said Dayan. But he added ominously: "A military effort will be made to reduce our losses."

DAVID RUBINGER



ISRAELIS WITH FATAH DEAD NEAR JORDAN

NACHUM GUTMAN



NEW GABRIEL SHIP-LAUNCHED MISSILES

Better than Styx or stones.

Brasília: City in the Wilderness

TO one of its early foreign admirers, Brasília was "madness—but heroic madness." For most of its short history, the ultramodern inland capital has lived up to only the first part of that billing. When it was inaugurated in 1960, after four years of feverish effort and the expenditure of some \$600 million, Brasília's malls were pools of red mud, its streets were unpaved, and its new Senate did not even have seats. Only 20 of the country's 326 federal Deputies took up residence, and no sooner had the dedication ceremonies ended than virtually every official with the price of a plane ticket flew right back to the familiar comforts of Rio, 600 miles away.

Ten years later, the capital in the wilderness still needs a heroic effort to be-

intended to be much more than Brazil's seat of government. Kubitschek envisioned it as the hub of a 5,000-mile highway network that would open the vast interior and draw people away from the coastal cities where, he complained, Brazilians "cling like crabs to the crowded shorelines."

Kubitschek was stripped of his political rights after a military junta seized control in 1964, but his visionary aims are taking shape. Thousands of peasants have flocked to the "satellite cities" that spread out from Brasília to a distance of 25 miles. Trucks rumble along the 1,350-mile Belém-Brasília highway, spawning hundreds of roadside settlements, some of them with a distinct frontier flavor. At one hamlet, appropriately called *Piza no Freio* (Hit the Brake),

highways enables them to whisk within minutes to tennis courts, golf courses or a 25-sq.-mi. artificial lake. Their chief complaint is a form of culture shock known as "Brasília anguish." With self-contained stores, schools and churches, the vast superblocks tend to be homogeneous and sterile, totally devoid of the teeming street life of cities like Rio, Recife and São Paulo. Besides, says a resident, "there is nothing poetic about living in Superblock 310, Group B, Apartment 302."

Exciting Exurbia. Brasília has reversed the U.S. urban pattern of a rotting core ringed by affluent suburbs. The surprising thing, notes São Paulo Sociologist José Pastore, is that the affluent, inner-city types frequently venture into the sometimes sleazy but always lively exurbs to recapture the spontaneity of the urban life they left behind. Says Pastore: "The socializing between adults



"FAVELA" DWELLINGS OUTSIDE THE CAPITAL



OFFICE TOWERS IN CENTRAL BRASÍLIA

Some are still staring at the ocean.

come a success. A respectable 60% of the federal Deputies now live in town, and Brasília's population of 500,000 makes it Brazil's tenth-largest city. But many recalcitrant bureaucrats continue to ignore the lofty imperative of former President Juscelino Kubitschek, who conceived the idea of Brasília: "We must march to the west, turn our backs to the sea, and stop staring at the ocean—as if thinking of departing."

Frontier Flavor. What Kubitschek could not achieve by evangelism, Brazil's military regime seems determined to accomplish by edict. In marking the tenth anniversary of the capital last month, President Emílio Garrastazú Médici decreed that Cabinet Ministers must henceforth conduct their business only in Brasília. The Rio-based foreign diplomatic colony will have to follow suit by 1972. The move offers one compensation to diplomats, though: Brasília, with its limited escape routes, should discourage political kidnappings.

The youngest of a mere handful of world capitals that have been designed and built from scratch (Pakistan's Islamabad is still unfinished), Brasília was

the only permanent residents are a madman and her four girls.

Some of the great expectations for Brasília are not likely ever to come true. The city was laid out in the shape of a sweeping airliner by Planner Lúcio Costa, and studded with Architect Oscar Niemeyer's starkly modern structures of concrete, glass, marble and steel. It was to have housed an "open" society with no overt class distinctions; bankers and federal Deputies were supposed to live side by side with chauffeurs and congressional pages. Yet it has become one of the most stratified cities in the world. Because construction lagged, only bigwigs had enough pull to get into Niemeyer's "superblocks" of high-rise apartments. Soldiers tended to settle in one superblock, senior bureaucrats in another, legislators in a third. Lesser civil servants were relegated to long stretches of row houses. Chauffeurs and laborers settled in ramshackle *favelas*, shums that sprang up well beyond the central Costa-Niemeyer complex.

The 130,000 people who live in central Brasília are well off and enjoy all the amenities. A network of six-lane

so desired by Brasília's planners is greater in the satellites than in the city itself."

Brasília's hermetically sealed character hardened after the arrival of the military regime. The generals cracked down on the University of Brasília, along with the rest of the country's campuses, snuffing out one of the city's few intellectual sparks. Since the dreadful Brasília symphony folded in 1964, the cultural mainstays have been the German and French exchange groups that occasionally come to town.

The only people who really seem liberated by the city are its swarm of youths (40% of the population is under 15). In few other places in Brazil do young girls drive off on dates without chaperons. Brasília's many grassy plazas echo all day to the shouts of small boys in pickup soccer games, and kite flyers abound, particularly on the huge mall in front of the Congress building. Perhaps recognizing that at least a whiff of frivolity is needed in what may be the world's best-ordered capital, the military regime has not yet made it illegal to walk on the grass.

CHEVY'S NEW LITTLE CAR: IF YOU LIKE THE 1971, YOU'LL LIKE THE 1975.

If you've been with us for the past few weeks, you know we're ready with our own little car. Almost.

But first, there are a few things we've been meaning to talk to you about.

No shiny new ashtray knobs.

Before we tell you anything about the car itself, we think you should know that once it comes out, it's going to stay out. We don't plan to change it for at least four years.

We've got it just the way we want it, and we think you'll like it.

Of course, there is the possibility that we'll find ways to improve it from a functional standpoint. If we do, we will. We'll make you a promise, though: no change for the sake of change.

So, in effect, when you see the 1971, you'll also be seeing the 1975. That's how confident we are.

Here's why.

Little, but big.

To be perfectly honest, we're pretty proud. Our little car is unlike any other little car.

For one thing, it is

indeed little: it's on a tight 97-inch wheelbase, and it's built for four passengers. Yet it feels bigger, because there's as much room per passenger as there is in many big cars.

There are other things that make our little car a lot of little car, like its zippy performance, its quiet ride, and even its taut, smooth handling. In fact, our little car is more than just maneuverable—it's plain old fun.

Naturally, all of these things are ads in themselves, so stay tuned to this magazine.

Little, but little.

Although our little car feels and acts like a much bigger car, there are times when its littleness really shines.

Like when you pull into a gas station. We aren't ready with final figures yet, but we can say this much: our little car will get gas mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Our little car will also seem very little when you go to buy it: prices will be very close to ordinary little cars'.



MARK OF EXCELLENCE

You'll see.
CHEVROLET

PEOPLE

Winston Churchill retouching Peter Paul Rubens? During the war, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson told a TV interviewer, it happened to a painting by Rubens and Artist Frans Snyders that hangs at the P.M.'s country house, Chequers. Although the canvas was supposed to depict Aesop's fable of the lion and the mouse, Churchill could barely discern the mouse. One day he took brush in hand to highlight it. "But it's still difficult to see," Wilson admitted. Would he try to improve it further? "I wouldn't touch up a Rubens," said Wilson, "still less a Rubens touched up by a Churchill."

Declaring her membership "in a spiritual alliance with all mothers, Cambodian mothers and South Vietnamese mothers," Actress Shirley MacLaine joined an angry group of New York women in declaring Mother's Day dead. "Who wants perfume and flowers when violence stalks our country?" asked the E.C.B.M.D. (Emergency Committee to Boycott Mother's Day). Mother MacLaine planned to spend her day marching in Washington, and promised that should she get a gift from her daughter Stephanie, "I'm going to send it to the White House."

Though he committed numerous diplomatic and social faux pas during his early days as U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Walter H. Annenberg has lately displayed greater sensitivity to British traditions of pomp and formality. Perhaps that is why a

select group of Londoners recently received his invitation to an embassy party in honor of "Mr. Francis Sinafra." At the gathering, Francis himself was informal as ever. Responding to a toast, he held his glass high, looked warmly at the guests and said: "Bless your distinguished little hearts."

"I'm feeling as good as ever," said Harry S. Truman, tipping his hat to the reporters. The ex-President's 86th birthday was the occasion for celebrations in Kansas City, including the premiere of the film *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*. Truman himself is not giving anyone much hell any more. Even the photographers swarming about his lawn in Indepen-



HARRY TRUMAN
Less hell in Missouri.

dence got an indulgent nod from Harry, who acknowledged that they had to make a living, "same as I do."

As he began a three-day jail sentence in Alexandria, Va., for his part in the 1967 march on the Pentagon, the prisoner treated reporters and U.S. marshals to an arresting literary allusion. "Dick Nixon," said Author Norman Mailer, "is the living embodiment of Uriah Heep," and, like the character in Charles Dickens' *David Copperfield*, "a veritable cathedral of hypocrisy."

"The perfume is very alluring," said the lady behind the counter at B. Altman's Manhattan department store. It would seem so. More than 1,000 customers mobbed her booth to buy Flame of Hope perfumes, made by mentally retarded men and women under the patronage of Eunice Kennedy Shriver.



ROSE KENNEDY
Mob scene at Altman's.

Actually, the crowd was attracted less by the scent than by the saleslady, Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy, 79.

Faced with her first nude scene, the star of *The Owl and the Pussycat* got cold feet. "Herbie, I can't," she told her director. "I've got goose bumps and they'll show." While Director Herb Ross coaxed the reluctant nymph, George Segal, who was waiting for her in bed, took a nap. Finally Barbra Streisand tossed off her robe and glided across the set. "Cut and print!" shouted Ross. "Beautiful!" Perfectionist Streisand demanded a retake.

"Are you armed?" asked the frightened Lufthansa stewardess, noting a menacing bulge under the passenger's jacket. He was, and the captain had to be summoned before Franz Josef Strauss would give up his loaded automatic. "I carry it because I've been under threat for weeks," explained Strauss, formerly West Germany's Minister of Finance. After receiving a warning that "the bullet's already in the barrel," he plans to draw first in case of attack.

In his effort to communicate with America's youth, President Nixon may be overlooking a dedicated emissary. "I want to get close to the youth of today," Martha Mitchell, wife of the U.S. Attorney General, told a reporter. How? By visiting campuses, she explains, and talking about drug abuse. Earlier in the day, when she told a George Washington University student about her plans, he had warned: "Mrs. Mitchell, you can't do that. You might be killed." Martha, a former Sunday-school teacher, was undaunted. "If God wants to use me," she said, "I want to do it."



FRANK SINATRA
Francis lands in London.

Authentic.



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Holiday Inn, the world's largest motor inn chain, searches constantly for innovative ideas inviting to the traveler. Like the elegant copper fascia on their striking new home-away-from-home at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

Just as important as its warm, rich

glow is its enduring weatherability. And thanks to a new fabrication system which permanently bonds thin sheets of copper to plywood, the cost is surprisingly low and the installation is easy.

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panels are making copper and bronze "in" metals with architects and designers.

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Copper's inn.



COUNT ON COPPER

ENVIRONMENT

Chevron Indicted

Oilmen are fast discovering that pollution cannot be dismissed as the price of progress. In the toughest federal action ever brought against a polluter, a grand jury in New Orleans last week indicted the Chevron Oil Co. on a 900-count criminal charge of having "knowingly and wilfully" failed to provide safety devices on 90 wells in the Gulf of Mexico off the Louisiana coastline. If convicted, Chevron faces a possible fine of \$2,000 a day for each well for ten days of violations. The total fines could reach \$1,800,000.

"We are confident that when the case is tried, we will be completely vindicated," says Chevron President K.H. Shaffer. The very fact that the case has been brought has already vindicated U.S. Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel. Although often accused by environmentalists of being soft on industry, Hickel was outraged last March 10 when he learned about a massive oil leak at a Chevron offshore platform. It was not only the 4,000 barrels a day gushing into the Gulf that bothered him. The spill also threatened his philosophy that industry could live in harmony with the environment.

The Very Guy. After flying to the scene, Hickel concluded that the leak was caused by violations of federal regulations laid down in the Outer Continental Shelf Lands Act of 1953, which he himself had toughened in 1969. Hickel charged that Chevron had failed to equip some wells with required "chokes," which automatically shut off runaway oil; the oilmen were presumably mindful that the safety devices can become clogged with sand and reduce the flow of crude. The Secretary later boasted that he had found "the guy, the very guy" who had lifted the choke from one offending well. Hickel also asked the U.S. Geological Survey to check other offshore wells in the Gulf. Result: of 3,400 wells examined, 300 violated federal requirements. Those offenders, too, face possible court action.

The Chevron case may reverberate in Washington for other reasons. In his crusade against polluters, Hickel has often seemed to ignore the Nixon Administration's "Southern Strategy." Governor John McKeithen of Louisiana, a state that derives about 40% of its revenues from oil drilling, petitioned the Secretary to be lenient with the oil companies—in vain. Hickel has also temporarily blocked construction of a West German chemical plant in South Carolina, and the controversial jetport near the Everglades National Park in Florida. In every instance, Hickel justifies his action as he did last week in speaking of the oil incidents: "We will be fair. But we will be tough. The future of our environment is at stake."



PLAYING WITH PUNCH-OUTS

It has much to teach adults as well.

Opening Your Eyes

No one, to the day of my graduation, had ever taught me to look understandingly at a painting, or a tree, or the façade of a building.

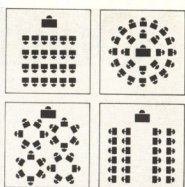
—George F. Kennan, *Memoirs*

Kennan is far from alone. Because of widespread visual illiteracy, most of man-made America is ugly, messy and inchoate. But something may soon be done about the root problem. Next week Senator Claiborne Pell's Education Subcommittee will hold hearings on a bill that would provide \$10 million annually for environmental—including visual—education. During the hearings, the committee members (average age: 54) will be asked to pore over a book written expressly for 13-year-olds.

Our Man-Made Environment: Book Seven is, quite simply, the best primer on architecture and urban planning yet published in the U.S. Designed to open the eyes of seventh graders to the world being built around them, the book has much to teach adults as well.

Aspiration. It was conceived in 1966 after some educators in the Philadelphia school system asked the local chapter of the American Institute of Architects to help explain architecture to kids. But the collaborators set even higher goals. "We wanted to make students aware of their environment," says Architect Alan Levy. "We wanted to give them confidence in their ability to make judgments about what they like and don't like. Finally, we hoped to give them a sense of aspiration beyond the limits of the environment they know."

The job took 3½ years and \$60,000 in foundation grants. Last summer the educators and architects formed GEE! (the Group for Environmental Education) to work out, says GEE! Vice President William Chapman, a complete teaching pro-



If a single room is used in a variety of ways, each use can cause a change in the environment. In a classroom, for example, different activities may require an entirely different arrangement of chairs and desks. At times the teacher may instruct the class from her desk or blackboard... other times she may lead a debate between one half of the class and the other, or she may want to oversee a number of smaller group discussions.

gram and to distribute the book. All 20,000 copies have since been sold (at cost) to schools in Philadelphia—plus Houston, San Mateo, Columbus, Ohio, and six cities in New Jersey. Despite its grade school language, the book is used by sophomores studying architecture at the University of North Dakota.

See and Do. Our *Man-Made Environment* bristles with challenge. Many of its pages are lightweight cardboard punch-outs, which can be folded to make beams, roofs, and whole buildings. One of the first lessons asks students to punch out six geometric shapes and arrange them in a pleasing design within a rectangular frame. When the students turn over the shapes, they find that the pieces represent armchairs, a table, a TV set. The next step is to rearrange the shapes within a room, which entails thinking about how people best communicate.

The lessons soon get more complex. Students learn about weather, topography and motion as determinants of design. They are required to see and draw the "rhythmic" elements of a streetscape, like doors and windows. As if that were not demanding enough, the kids must also arrange identical punch-out "buildings" so that one—then two—units stand out among the rest. This done, they may never look blindly at a street again.

GEE! already has a series of similar workbooks in progress. "What we are trying to do is develop a program that gets students to recognize that the man-made environment is more than just dirty air and water pollution," explains Architect Richard Wurman. "In effect, we see the program as an invitation to a marvelous, continuous visual party." If GEE! succeeds, the day may come when kids will know why man-made America is ugly. Better still, they may know how to clean up the visual mess.

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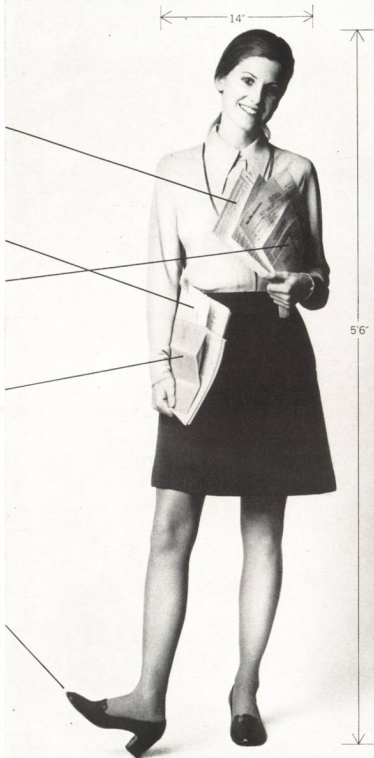
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No Tax on Religion

The value of U.S. church and synagogue property has grown to an estimated \$102 billion—all of it tax exempt. New York City alone forgives \$36 million a year in potential taxes on church property. Though such exemptions are as old as the republic, even some churchmen have lately questioned the practice. Critics view it as an indirect subsidy that hikes taxes for other property owners and violates the First Amendment because it amounts to state support of religion.

The Supreme Court has consistently rebuffed attempts to raise the issue—including an appeal brought by Atheist Madalyn Murray O'Hair in 1966. But last week the court finally spoke. And by a resounding vote of 7 to 1, it upheld tax exemption for churches.

Strict Construction. The new challenge was launched three years ago by Frederick Walz, an elderly New York lawyer who is so reclusive that he refuses to be photographed and conducted his entire case by mail and phone calls. To become a landowner, Walz bought .0146 of a weed-choked acre on Staten Island. When the city billed him for taxes of \$5.24 on the lot's \$100 value, he filed a suit to prevent New York from granting tax exemptions to churches, claiming that the city was using part of his money to support them. He was a Christian, he added, but "not a member of any religious organization, rejecting them as hostile." By the time his case reached the high court, it had drawn the opposition not only of New

York City but of all three major faiths.

Only Justice William O. Douglas agreed with Walz. Summarizing his dissent from the bench, Douglas wryly urged a "strict construction" of the First Amendment's ban on official establishment of religion. In his view, tax exemption subverts the ban because it favors religion at the expense of atheistic or agnostic groups. The result, said Douglas, violates the constitutional command of Government neutrality "between believers and nonbelievers."

Middle Course. Speaking for the court majority, Chief Justice Warren E. Burger relied largely on the clear fact that church exemption is a U.S. tradition. He admitted that exemption "necessarily operates to afford an indirect economic benefit" but he felt that the practice does not produce the kind of governmental "sponsorship, financial support and active involvement" that the First Amendment's drafters intended to guard against. It is no more an aid to religious organizations than other forms of assistance permitted by the court, including the use of state funds to pay for the busing of parochial school pupils and some of their textbooks. If the Government did tax churches, Burger argued, it would become even more involved in religion as tax collectors and clergymen haggled over such matters as "tax valuation of church property, tax liens, tax foreclosures, and the direct confrontations and conflicts that follow in the train of those legal processes."

Without specifically rebuffing the claims of atheists, Burger said that the present arrangement is a workable middle course between "either governmentally established religion or governmental interference with religion."

The decision will not deter the several Protestant denominations and Jewish groups that have recently begun urging their members to pay voluntary property taxes by reimbursing their communities for fire and police protection. However, the court's action did leave hanging two other emerging church-state issues.

A number of churches own television stations, rental properties and even girdle factories whose only religious purpose is to produce church income. Even religious groups which oppose blanket property taxes on churches have recently gone on record as favoring selective taxes on the income of these "unrelated" businesses, and several suits challenging such tax-sheltered enterprises are now making their way through lower courts.

More important, the high court has agreed to consider a case involving the effort of the Pennsylvania legislature to aid hard-pressed parochial and other private schools with grants for teachers' salaries and teaching aids (TIME, Dec. 19, 1969). Douglas particularly was troubled

by this trend. As he sees it, "the extent to which [churches] are feeding from the public trough in a variety of forms is alarming." But the majority of the Justices, in upholding the "indirect" economic benefit of exemption, hinted that they too might have doubts about more direct payments. Said Burger: "Obviously a direct money subsidy would be a relationship pregnant with involvement."

Flatfoot Floozies

As she loitered on a Washington, D.C., sidewalk one recent night, a pretty blonde in yellow bellbottoms seemed ready for business. A light blue Dodge slowed down; its driver beckoned: "You want to go for a ride?"

"No," said the girl.

"Come on," said the driver. "I've got money."

"For what?"

When he named a specific act and a price, Sharon Mann whipped out badge No. 3427 and told the stunned sport: "I am a police officer. You are under arrest for soliciting for prostitution." An unmarked patrol car cut off the Dodge's escape route; other officers conveyed the driver to the stationhouse. It was the 20th arrest in seven weeks for Sharon Mann, 23, a trained social worker who now packs a .38 revolver in her new role as an undercover flatfoot floozy.

Trees and Thieves. Like many cities, Washington is toiling to stamp out the world's oldest profession. One reason is that prostitutes' customers, including some of the capital's hordes of visitors, are easy prey to mugging as an unexpected part of their transaction. One common police technique involves male plainclothesmen, who arrest girls who solicit them. For the past three months,

DERNIS BRACK—BLACK STAR



DECOY MANN ON BEAT
Scenting entrapment.



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER
Benevolent neutrality.

This is a finer Canadian, can't you see?

We don't think it's right to dress
a prince in pauper's clothing.

So after we choose the finest
grains, age the whisky in wood, and
taste-test it over and over, we work
on the looks.

Take our bottle. Imported O.F.C.
is the only Canadian in Dominion
teardrop glass.

Necessary? Yes. When you're the
best, you've got to look it.

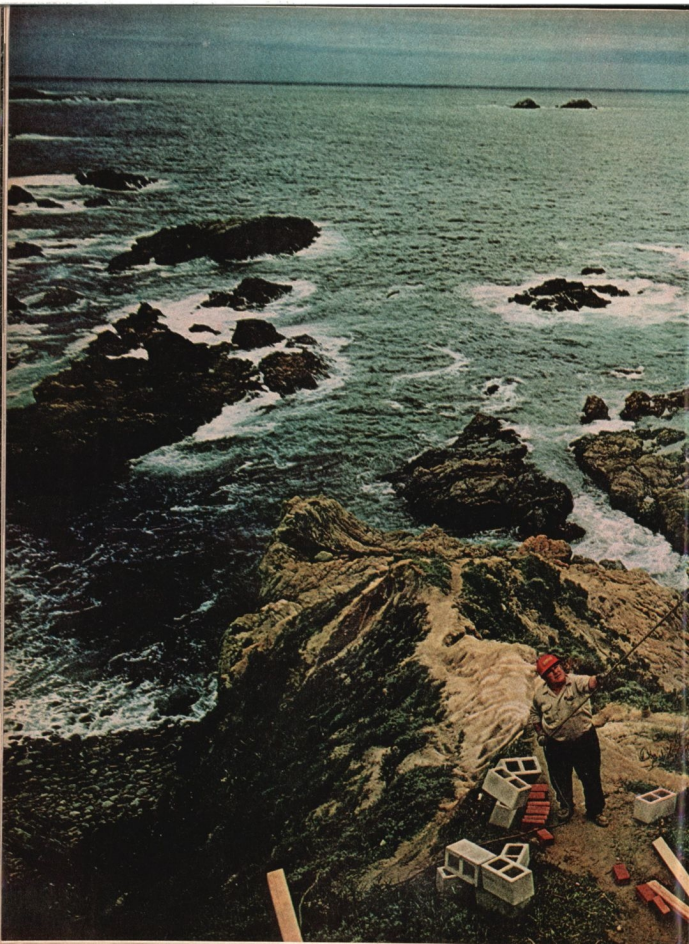
Take our cork. No other Canadian
has one. Again, when you're the
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We made imported Canadian
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Blended Canadian Whisky. Distilled, taste-tested,
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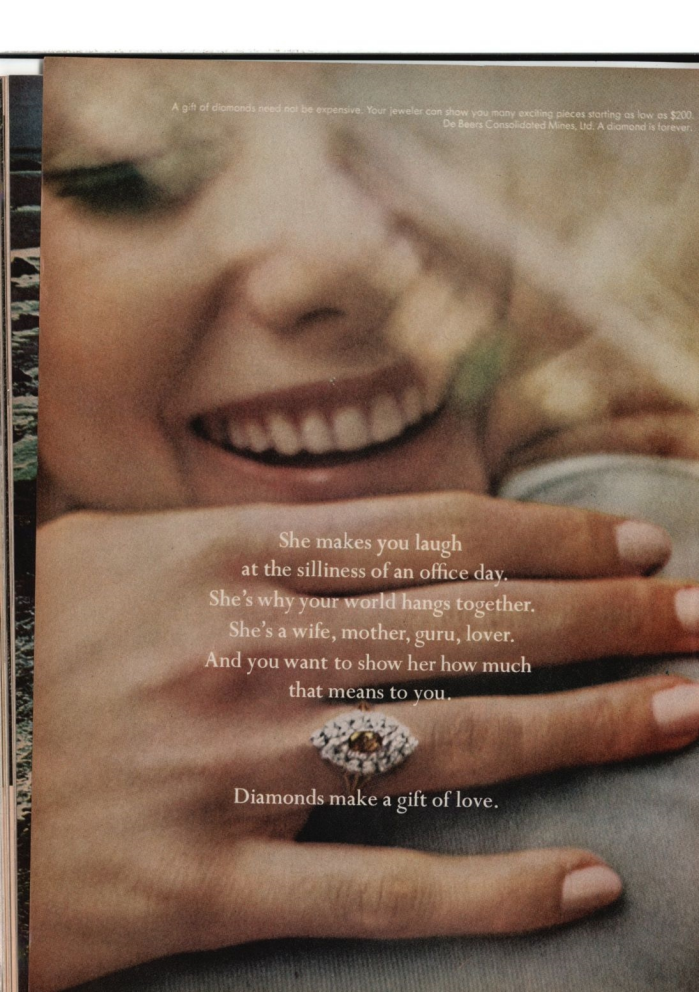
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She makes you laugh
at the silliness of an office day.
She's why your world hangs together.
She's a wife, mother, guru, lover.
And you want to show her how much
that means to you.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

Washington has been reversing the process by using three female decoys to catch the male customers.

The new technique has upset civil libertarians, to say nothing of pimps, prostitutes and customers. Legal critics scent illegal entrapment. However, the policewomen have refined their techniques to avoid any overt welcome save their dress and location, and seventeen patrons have been convicted under a statute that makes solicitors liable for a \$250 fine or 90 days in jail or both.

"If you chop down the apple tree you won't have any apple thieves," says Vice Squad Detective James M. Harrigan. Judge Charles W. Halleck made a more practical observation several weeks ago. He ordered that one convicted suburbanite's \$148 fine be used to pay rehabilitation expenses for a twice-convicted prostitute who needed tuition for a keypunch operator's course. Said Halleck: "If men find out that they will have to pay to send these ladies of the evening to school, they might quit going out there."

Stopping Junk Mail

Everyman's mail today is made up overwhelmingly of material he did not seek from persons he does not know. And all too often it is material he finds offensive.

—Chief Justice Warren Burger

"Junk mail" last week confronted the Supreme Court with a familiar task: how to resolve a clash between competing constitutional values. Do publishers and other senders have a free-speech right to seek an audience by mailing unsolicited advertisements? Or do recipients have a prior right of privacy that allows them to bar the stuff that floods their mailboxes?

The issue was raised by 14 California publishers. They challenged the 1967 federal anti-pandering law, which empowers any citizen to cut off the flow of mailed ads that he personally considers "erotically arousing or sexually provocative." The recipient simply notifies the Post Office, which then orders his name removed from the sender's mailing lists.

The challengers claimed that the law violates their constitutional right to communicate. Moreover, they argued, the law threatens all "junk mail"—not just erotic material. Indeed, the Post Office concedes that some of the 290,000 objectors who have invoked the statute have claimed to be aroused by ads that merely pictured girdles or bed sheets.

Even so, the Supreme Court unanimously upheld the law. Giving the recipient absolute power to decide what arouses him is perfectly proper, the court ruled, and neatly avoids censorship by the Government. Speaking for the court, Chief Justice Burger affirmed every citizen's right "to be let alone" and added: "A mailer's right to communicate must stop at the mailbox of an un-receptive addressee."



The Real Bermuda Trophy.

The fabled silver piece awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. Full. No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available, duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.

**Gordon's.
It's how
the English
keep their
gin up!**

**...while
you keep
your head
down.**



Go for Gordon's like you go for the green: with confidence. Because the exquisitely dry Gordon's Gin you drink today is still based on Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula. A fanatic devotion to our discoverer? Perhaps. But why settle for less than professional standing...when you can swing with the biggest selling gin in England, America, the world!

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 50 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

**A whole carton
of Carlton
has less "tar"
than three packs
of the largest
selling
filter king.***



***4.5 MG vs 20.9 MG PER CIGARETTE**
Source latest U.S. Government figures.

MODERN LIVING

An Eggalitarian Education

At first glance the recent strange activity on the playing field of the St. Mary Magdalene school in Richmond, England, seemed to be a peculiarly British version of student militancy. Taking careful aim, 23 schoolchildren hurled a volley of eggs at their science master, Garth Willson, who was standing 40 feet away on the grass. Actually, it was simply a variation of a teaching technique that English secondary schools are scrambling to adopt: egg throwing.

The purpose of the academic fad, Willson explained, is to determine under what conditions a thrown egg will

of 70 feet, tossing eggs in a gentle arc down onto the grass. Seven out of ten eggs survived. Now the sky was the limit. The insatiable headmaster made contact with the R.A.F. liaison officer at the nearby U.S. air base at Burton Wood. Soon an American helicopter (at a cost of \$400 per hour) was hovering 150 feet over the school grounds, dropping eggs onto the lawn. Only three out of 18 were broken.

Elephant Bird. Responding to the U.S. challenge, the *Daily Mail* arranged for Cricketer Freddie Trueman to bowl eggs before the thrilled pupils at Carr Mill. With stumps set up for added authenticity, Trueman sent one egg after

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



APPLETON PITCHING EGG FROM FIRE LADDER

One technique everyone is scrambling to adopt.

break. "For example, we can try and find out if the eggs break more easily when thrown onto grass at different angles or when spun. Now that the children's interest is aroused, there will be no stopping the questions." He was right. When only two of the 23 eggs thrown at Willson broke upon hitting the grass, his pupils were incredulous. "My mum won't understand this experiment," said a 13-year-old girl. "She is always dropping eggs, and they always break."

Insatiable Headmaster. England's egg-throwing mania began in February at Carr Mill Junior School in Lancashire after Headmaster Douglas Appleton proved to his students that they could not break eggs by pressing them between their hands. Soon the children were throwing eggs from the school's second-floor windows. Eggs that hit the concrete were smashed, but those that fell on the lawn were undamaged. Says Appleton: "The excitement and wonderment were intense."

Pressing on, the Carr Mill experimenters talked a fireman into climbing a fire-engine ladder and, from a height

another whizzing down the cricket pitch at 90 m.p.h. Remarkably, only a few broke. To keep up with its Fleet Street competitor, the *Daily Express* hired a Piper Aztec to drop five dozen eggs at 150 m.p.h., dive-bombing over an airfield near Carr Mill. Three dozen remained unbroken, leading the school's headmaster to remark: "The ancestor of the hen is believed to have laid its eggs in flight."

Egged on by all the activity, one Carr Mill lad has compiled a list of 60 puns containing the word egg (eggsperiment, eggshhausted, eggcetera). Others are learning egg statistics (record number of eggs eaten at one sitting: 47) and making a large model of the egg of the extinct elephant bird. Says Headmaster Appleton: "In this school, it is eggs with everything."

Not to be outdone, the St. Mary Magdalene experimenters took the short bus trip to Richmond Bridge and tossed eggs into the Thames. Nearly three-fourths broke on impact. "We now know," concluded Science Master Willson, "that water is harder than grass and less hard than concrete."



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SCIENCE

Tinyvision

During an electronics experiment at Albuquerque's Sandia Laboratories, a scientist accidentally sent a pulse of electricity through a dime-sized ceramic chip. He watched in amazement as the ceramic abruptly changed color. Now, after four years of study and further tests, Sandia experimenters believe that the chance observation may have spawned an entirely new technology that will eventually have wide applica-



SANDIA'S HAERTLING WITH CERAMIC CHIP
Color in the voltage.

tions in computers and communications.

In Philadelphia at a meeting of the American Ceramic Society, Ceramist Gene Haertling and Electrical Engineer Cecil Land explained the secret of the ceramic's unusual behavior. Tiny crystals in the ceramic—packed some 100 million to the square inch—respond to electric voltage much as iron filings align themselves in a magnetic field. High voltage causes many of the crystals to change their orientation; low voltage affects only a few. By reversing the voltage, the change can be erased. That accounts for the color change; the ceramic is transparent only to a narrow range of light frequencies, or colors, at one time.

Telegrapher's Key. When the degree of orientation of its crystals is changed, the ceramic becomes opaque to the original color, but allows another color to pass through. Sandwiching a ceramic plate between two polarizing disks and applying different voltages in sequence, Haertling and Land found that they could precisely control the color the ceramic would transmit.

With these properties, the Sandia scientists say, the ceramic will be useful in computers. Because its crystal orientation is determined by the last applied voltage, it is ideal for memory

storage; its light-transmitting qualities can be used for computer read-outs and displays. Placed in front of a laser, the ceramic filter can block off the laser beam or let it through, depending on the amount of voltage applied. It can control the laser beam, much as a telegrapher's key modulates a radio wave, thus transmitting information.

Other scientists see an even more exciting application: color television sets the size of transistor radios. Using a hundred times less voltage than conventional sets, tiny battery-powered ceramic TV screens would show purer colors than conventional sets, without generating hazardous X rays. They could also be used as an animated color transparency. Placed in a light projector, they could flash large TV images against a movie screen or even a plain white wall.

Sun Power in the Pyrenees

A simple magnifying glass, focusing the sun's rays, can scorch a piece of wood or set a scrap of paper on fire. Solar radiation can also be concentrated on a much more awesome scale. It can burn a hole through thick steel plate, for example, or simulate the thermal shock of a nuclear blast. It can, that is, with the aid of a super reflector of the sort that has been set up by French scientists high in the Pyrenees. Ten years in the building, the world's largest solar furnace is a complex of nearly 20,000 mirrors and can concentrate enough sunlight to create temperatures in excess of 6,000° F.

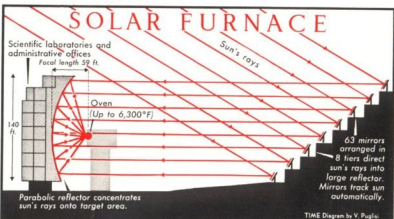
Harnessing solar energy is hardly a new accomplishment. Nearly 22 centuries ago, the Greek mathematician Archimedes is said to have temporarily saved Syracuse from Roman conquest by setting the invading fleet aflame with numerous large mirrors. In the 18th century, the pioneer French chemist Lavoisier produced enough heat with 52-inch-wide lenses to power his experiments. Though Lavoisier's work was cut short by the French Revolution (he was guillotined), his history has not discouraged contemporary French scientists—notably Physical Chemist Felix

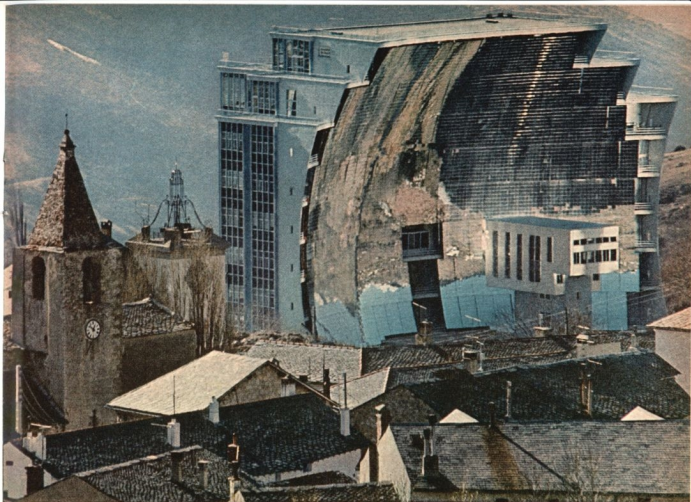
Trombe, 64, a research director of France's National Center for Scientific Research and its premier experimenter with the sun's energy.

For more than 20 years, Trombe has championed solar furnaces as an ideal source of intensive heat for both industrial uses and scientific experimentation. In 1946 he fashioned his first sun stove out of a captured German anti-aircraft searchlight mirror at an observatory near Paris. Moving to the old Pyrenean citadel town of Mont-Louis, where the sun shines as many as 200 days a year, he has since built five larger solar furnaces. Now, in masterly style, he has created his *pièce de résistance* on a hillside in the nearby ski resort of Odeillo. Compared with similar devices in several other countries, such as the U.S. Army's 30-kilowatt stove at Natick, Mass., Odeillo's 1,000-kilowatt structure is easily the Mount Palomar of solar furnaces.

Delicate Adjustment. The furnace's appearance is as spectacular as its power. Its glittering eight-story-high parabolic reflector (roughly half the size of a football field) towers over Odeillo's centuries-old houses. Anchored against a reinforced concrete office and laboratory building, the huge concave mirror consists of 8,570 individual reflectors. For the furnace to operate efficiently, these small (18 inches square) mirrors must be precisely adjusted so that their light will converge exactly at the parabola's focal point 59 ft. in front of the giant reflector. Only half of the mirrors have been aligned thus far, although the structure has been finished for more than a year. Reason: the work is so delicate that technicians can usually adjust no more than a few dozen even on the sunniest of days.

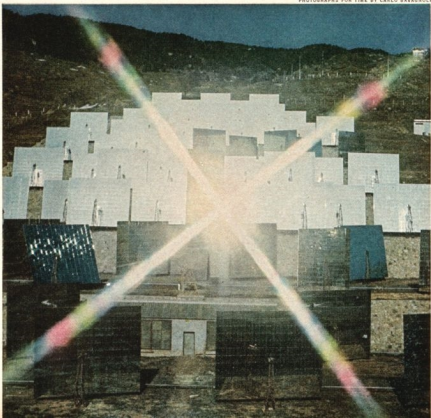
Far too huge to follow the sun itself, the parabolic reflector depends on the help of 63 smaller mirrors set in eight rows on a terraced slope in front of it. Called heliostats (from the Greek *helios*, sun; *statos*, to cause to stand still), they track the solar disk across the sky, capture its light and bounce it in parallel beams into the big mirror. The system involves some ingenious engineering. Each heliostat is controlled by its own photoelectric cells. Whenever one

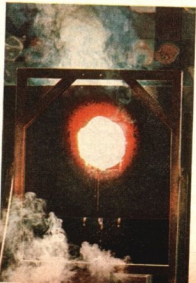
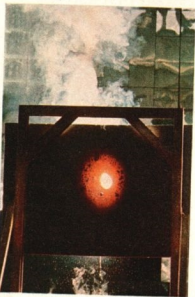
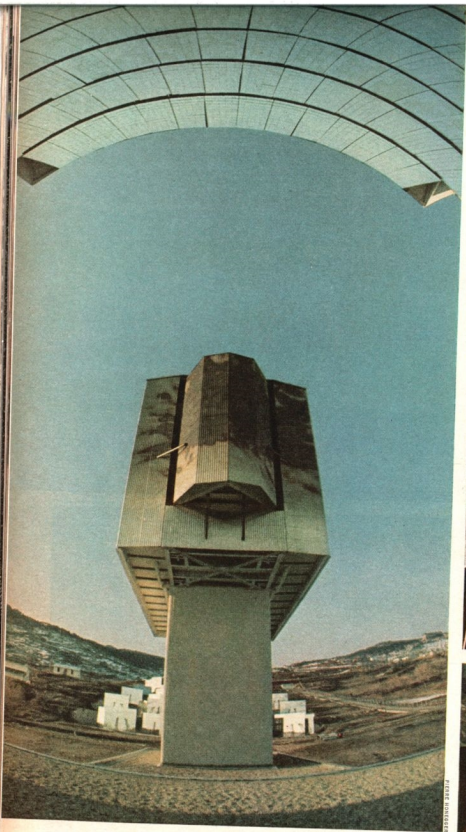




Perched high in the Pyrenees, France's powerful new solar furnace harnesses the almost limitless energy of the sun. Eight stories tall, the furnace's gleaming reflector (above) dwarfs the ancient buildings near by and turns the surrounding hillsides topsy-turvy on its curved surface. Lined up in tiers on a pasture in front of the big reflector stand 63 smaller mobile mirrors (right). These heliostats, as they are called, can be individually adjusted so that each one reflects the sun's rays directly into the big parabola, thereby creating striking flareups of light. Focusing these rays at the oven building just a short distance from its base, the giant mirror concentrates the sun's radiation on the small target area. The converged beams, which are no wider than a foot at their target, can create temperatures as high as 6,300° F.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY CARLO BAVAROLI





Viewed from the base of the furnace's parabolic "lens" is the rectangular "oven" building at which the sun's concentrated rays are aimed (above). The metal doors, which have already been

accidentally scorched, testify to the efficiency of the furnace. In a demonstration (right), it takes only a minute for the powerful light from the reflector to cut a fiery hole through $\frac{3}{8}$ -in.-thick steel plate.

REUTERS/NOVA 240324

of the heliostats (each of which is made of 180 individual mirrors) loses its lock on the sun, these tiny electric eyes inform a minicomputer, which in turn controls a pair of hydraulic pumps that can rotate and tilt the heliostat into the proper position. Only one manual adjustment is needed to operate the heliostats. It is made at the end of the day, when they must be reset to face the position of the next day's sunrise.

Rotating Vats. The crucible of the furnace is located inside a smaller T-shaped building near the base of the big mirror. It is set behind large stainless-steel doors at the focal point of the parabola—where the sun's scorching rays are concentrated into a blazing circle only twelve inches wide. Target material, hoisted into place by a ten-ton lift, is placed into an inclined trough; as the target melts, it runs off into catch pans. Another, more sophisticated technique is to load the material into two aluminum vats whose outer walls are water-cooled to prevent melting. Placed with their open ends at the focal point and rotated like washing machines to distribute the heat evenly, these containers can hold up to 24 tons of molten material at one time.

Is all this elaborate effort worth the French government's \$2,000,000 investment in the furnace? Trombe says yes. For one thing, the power is almost entirely free (only 13 kilowatts of electricity are needed to operate the mirrors). More important, the furnace gives off what he calls "aristocratic" or uncontaminating heat; there is, for example, none of the adulterating carbon that is produced by the hot electrodes in ordinary high-intensity electric arc furnaces. Thus the solar oven is ideal for the production of chemically pure materials.

French industry is beginning to agree. In a recent test for an electronics manufacturer, the furnace fused several tons of bauxite and ceramics to produce high-voltage insulators of unmatched purity. The oven could easily fuse other highly heat-resistant materials: quartz crystals for radio transmitters, corundum for industrial grinding stones and zircon parts for nuclear reactors. It could also be used in experiments to develop new space-age alloys, such as special tungsten or cobalt steels, and even materials to withstand the searing heat of a nuclear blast.

Initial Fears. Aside from the industrial and scientific benefits, the furnace has produced an entirely unexpected dividend. At first, Odeillo's villagers thought they might be blinded by the intense light from what they call *le four solaire* (the solar oven). Now they know that the light is concentrated at only one point and that there is no such danger. In fact, the villagers have become quite proud of the strange, shimmering edifice in their midst. And why not? The solar furnace is not only handsome in an other-worldly way; it is also a significant tourist attraction, bringing thousands of people to gaze in awe at Odeillo's mighty mirror.

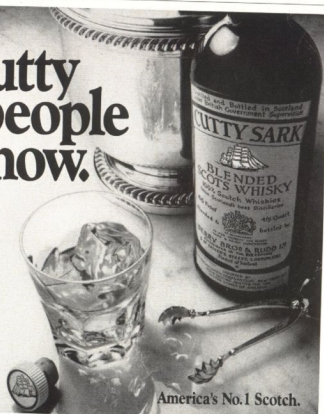
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One of the children



GRADE
2
MISS BRITZ

JANUARY, 1970

in this class has epilepsy. Can you tell which one?



If you can't, don't feel stupid. Neither can the teacher.

Thousands of children grow up with illnesses and defects that could have been corrected, but weren't.

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Without special training, it's often impossible to tell a health problem from a discipline problem.

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A child who never seems to open his mouth without shouting could really be hard of hearing.

And what appears to be inattention could be petit mal, a mild form of epilepsy.

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MEDICINE

Disposing of Disposables

Hospitals that once had horrendous difficulties in washing and sterilizing mountains of linen and equipment now have that problem largely solved. They use disposable supplies, which reduce the risk of infections spreading within the hospital: presterilized bed pads, sheets, pillowcases, blanket covers, examination gowns, surgical masks and drapes, oxygen canopies, water carafes, dishes and drinking cups, transfusion tubing and fittings, thermometers, and perhaps most important of all, hypodermic syringes and needles. But the hospitals, as well as doctors in their private offices, are finding that they have replaced one problem with another: how to dispose of the disposables.

Use all these items once and throw them away, the manufacturers say. The majority of American hospitals are now doing just that—and running into two problems: the sheer bulk of the garbage and its nature. In the early 1960s, the average hospital patient "generated" (in hospitalese) probably no more than 5 pounds and certainly no more than 10 pounds of garbage daily. Much of this was paper or food remains. Not so today. The average patient in a modern hospital that makes full use of disposables is now responsible for 15 to 18 pounds of garbage a day. Much of it consists of a dozen or more varieties of plastics that can be burned, provided the local air-pollution code allows the hospital to use an incinerator. But the PVC (polyvinyl chloride) plastics may generate lethal fumes containing hydrochloric acid and phosgene, a poisonous gas once used in chemical warfare. Other plastics melt and clog the incinerators.

Unsterile Needles. Metals are still harder to deal with, especially the 1.2 billion disposable stainless steel needles attached to plastic syringes that are now used each year in the U.S. Of this total, nearly 800 million are used in hospitals, almost 200 million by diabetics giving themselves insulin, as many more by doctors and nurses in their offices, and the remainder by nursing homes, researchers and veterinarians.

Only ten years ago, most patients dreaded the needle because it was likely to be blunt and painful. Doctors were concerned because re-used needles were not always truly sterile and transmitted serum hepatitis to untold numbers of patients. The disposable hypodermics virtually eliminated both the discomfort and the risk to patients.

But how to get rid of the disposable hypodermic? If the doctor just drops it into a trash can, his nurses or the cleaning staff might snag themselves on the needle and perhaps get an infection. Or the trash cans could be rifled, and the discarded needles supplied to dope addicts. Despite the precautions now taken in hospitals and most doctors' offices, the



Fix it so it won't give one.



BECTON, DICKINSON POSTER
The 5 became 15.

needles that wind up in the hands of junkies constitute a serious problem.

Tip Destroyer. All the manufacturers of hypodermics have tried to supply their customers with easy ways of getting rid of the needles. One of the simplest: "Destructip," a 10¢ device for bending and breaking needles offered by Becton, Dickinson & Co. for individual users such as diabetics. For hospitals and doctors' offices, some manufacturers build a tip destroyer into the wall of the carton. Once the needle has been used, the nurse or technician inserts it in a metal slot in the side of the carton and bends it to break off the point.

That still does not get rid of the plastic

WAYNE WILSON—EDITOR-STAFF



HOSPITAL TRASH IN INCINERATOR ROOM
One of the answers is a brick.

syringe. For hospitals and clinics that use large numbers of hypos, Becton, Dickinson offers a furnace that melt: the plastic into a compact mass and embeds the needles. If 1,000 disposable hypos are dropped into this furnace, all that is left after two hours are four multicolored plastic bricks, each less than 8 1/2 in. by 8 1/2 in. by 3 in. Already sterilized at 400° F., they need no further safety treatment before they are dropped into the garbage.

Atom-Powered Heartbeats

Pacemakers implanted in the chest to reinforce the beat of a damaged heart have been in widespread use since 1960. But the thousands of patients who live with the devices suffer a major inconvenience: they must return to the hospital every two years or so and undergo minor surgery so that the pacemaker's mercury batteries can be replaced. That drawback has spurred researchers to develop a tiny nuclear power source, to replace batteries, that could theoretically last a lifetime and still pose no radiation danger to the patient.

Last week a Frenchwoman was up and doing well with just such a radioactive source in her chest. In an operation at Hôpital Broussais in Paris, Drs. Paul Laurens and Armand Piwnica had successfully performed the first human implant of an atomic pacemaker in Suzanne Peragin, 58. If all goes well, the device should sustain her without further operations for the rest of her life, giving her heart a boost to 65 beats per minute whenever it begins to falter.

Soft Particles. For a while last week, medical circles were abuzz with a rumor that a U.S.-designed atom-powered pacemaker had also been implanted—in an American patient. That word proved to be premature; scientists at the National Heart and Lung Institute are still testing their prototypes in dogs.

Both American and French designers settled on plutonium-238 as the best radioactive source. The artificially produced element emits "soft" alpha particles, which have so little energy that they will not penetrate a sheet of heavy paper; thus they will not harm a patient. The French put 150 mg. (about one two-hundredth of an ounce) of Pu-238 into a capsule of platinum and tantalum. The Americans put 500 mg. (one-sixtieth of an ounce) in their capsule. In both devices, the patient is sufficiently shielded from the heat of the radioactive source by its plastic container. That heat is directed to a thermocouple that generates 200 milliwatts of electricity. This powers a tiny generator that sends an impulse to the heart through internally implanted wires. Both of the complex pacemakers are small. The French device is cylindrical and about the size of a 35-mm. film cassette; the American is rectangular, half the size of a cigarette pack. The half life of Pu-238 (the time in which it loses half of its radioactivity) is almost 90 years. But for safety's sake the surgeons expect to replace the plutonium power source after about ten years.

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Twenty years ago the trip from downtown Washington, D.C. to Manhattan took three hours in a DC3. Today—even with 625 mph jets—it takes three hours and 35 minutes.

Why? Congestion on the ground and in the air. It's an abrasive fact of life in our society.

Our mass transit systems creak with age. Our roads and streets, except for the Interstate System, are obsolete. And the crowded air space over our major cities borders on national disgrace.

The cost is staggering. Billions of hours, billions of dollars—and thousands of lives—are lost every year.

What's the answer?

A crash program in mass transit? Five to ten U.S. cities should be accelerating rail transit systems. Ten more will move to this solution as their populations become more dense. The rest of us must seek answers elsewhere.

More roads? That's only part of it. More important is a selective program of upgrading the capacity and safety of existing roads.

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The booklet, "Crisis—Transportation" takes a closer look at the problem. For a free copy, write: Caterpillar, Dept. 582T, Peoria, Illinois 61602.

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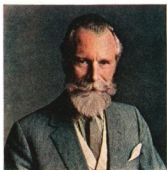
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EDUCATION

Chancellor in a Crossfire

Charles Young has a lot going for him. Healthy, ruggedly handsome and 38, he is in his second year as chancellor of the University of California at Los Angeles. Unlike many of his peers across the land, he enjoys the respect and affection of most of his teachers and students. But this week Chuck Young confronts an impossible dilemma: he must decide whether to rehire Angela Davis, 26, a black assistant professor of philosophy, a former Black Panther and a self-avowed Communist. "The board of regents and the public want her out," says Young, "and the faculty will lose faith in me if I don't sign her up again."

Last fall the board tried to fire Miss Davis, citing resolutions going back to 1940 that barred Communists from the faculty. Taking its cue from recent decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court, a Los Angeles superior court held those resolutions unconstitutional. While Miss Davis kept on teaching, Governor Reagan and his not-so-Silent Majority of regents mounted a campaign of invective, to which she vigorously responded in kind. If Young decides to reappoint her, says conservative Regent John Canaday, "all hell's going to break loose."

Appropriate Criteria. In February, the regents ordered a "blue-ribbon committee" of U.C.L.A. faculty members to investigate charges that Miss Davis was propagandizing her students and making fiery public speeches. Last month the panel reported its findings to the regents—and apparently gave them no grounds for dismissal. The university department has endorsed her reappointment after the most extensive review of

academic qualification "ever conducted in such a case."

Chancellor Young, who opposed last fall's attempt to oust Miss Davis, clearly subscribes to the principle that a teacher's political beliefs are of concern only to the teacher. "I'm not saying we ought to have Communists teaching in the university," he explains. "What is at issue is whether or not a person can be appointed on the basis of what the university community—supported by the courts—feels to be appropriate criteria." Among those criteria, says Young, are the individual's knowledge, quality of preparation and teaching ability—plus such "attributes of character as objectivity in teaching and operating within the parameters of professional conduct." Factors that should have no bearing on appointments: "lawful party memberships, taking unpopular positions, and personal antipathy or repugnance."

Tactical Ploys. Governor Reagan, most of the regents and much of the public angrily decry the presence of a Communist on a state university faculty. Young is worried about the faculty, too. As he sees it, "They will not support a position ultimately based on how unhappy some legislators or the board or the public will be." Says one history teacher: "If Professor Davis were fired, faculty members would have to recognize a political test for teaching at the University of California."

When Young steps before the regents late this week, he will have several tactical ploys open to him. He could declare the case so extraordinary that only the regents can make the decision—an unprecedented ceding of his authority. Or he could argue that Miss Davis should remain on the faculty un-

til the case is adjudicated: the regents are, in fact, appealing the superior court's finding of unconstitutionality.

Whatever Young's decision, it will have repercussions beyond U.C.L.A. Firing Angela Davis may well trigger trouble at some of U.C.'s more combustible campuses such as Berkeley and Santa Barbara. Keeping her may well cause a backlash in the June primary election, when California voters will be asked to approve a \$246 million bond issue for a badly needed health sciences complex at U.C.L.A. "I like my job," says Chancellor Young, who gets \$41,000 a year. "I can't think of anything I'd rather do." But unless he finds a way to please everyone, he says, "I could see the board terminating me."

Killing Living Languages

Disastrous, deceitful, diabolical, crazy. So runs the litany of epithets that have greeted the French government's latest stab at educational reform. The reform frees *lycée* (secondary school) students, who take their first modern foreign language at the age of eleven, from the obligation of starting a second language when they are 13. The government's intention was benign: to lighten what Paris pedagogues have come to view as an excessively heavy academic burden. Instead, the idea has stirred up fierce opposition.

Fearful of losing their jobs, France's foreign-language teachers recently staged brief strikes; worried about future jobs, language students rioted. Both received strong support from an unexpected quarter: the governments of Italy, Spain and West Germany, which have all complained bitterly to French authorities.

If French schoolchildren are not forced to take a second language, critics say, at least half of them will drop such courses. Since more than 80% of France's *lycée* students choose English as their first foreign language, critics also worry that English will eventually gain an absolute monopoly—and not only in France.

"If we are satisfied with just knowing English," argued the conservative newspaper *L'Aurore*, "why shouldn't other countries be too?" In this view, the new policy may finish off French as the international language of diplomacy, elegance and love. If the French learn only English, their neighbors in Italy, Germany and Spain may very well quit learning French in favor of English.

The notion is not as farfetched as it sounds. Officials at the Foreign Affairs Ministry in Rome have already pointed out that the reform contradicts the spirit of the existing French-Italian cultural accord, which encourages each country to increase the use of the other country's language. Since this agreement was based on linguistic reciprocity, Rome has hinted, perhaps French might cease to be the leading foreign language in Italian schools.



U.C.L.A.'S YOUNG & STUDENTS
Confronting an impossible dilemma.

SHOW BUSINESS

Spector of the Beatles

*When I find myself
in times of trouble,
Mother Mary come to me,
Speaking words of wisdom,
let it be . . .
And when the brokenhearted people,
Living in the world of grief,
There will be an answer, let it be.*

So begins the recent Beatles' song *Let It Be*. For two months, as a single, it has floated high on the Top 40 charts, even though its message is mystic and ambiguous. "Let it be," for example, can be taken as an invocation to God to "let there be" an answer. Or simply as the answer itself: "Stay cool." No matter. As sturdy, unadorned and honest as a country church, *Let It Be* is one of the most moving pop songs of this or any other year.

Last week *Let It Be* came out again on an Apple LP, along with eleven other Beatles renditions. Where did those brass choirs come from? And those secular maracas? They came courtesy of Phil Spector, yesteryear's teen tycoon of rock, whose paeans to post-pubescent passion (*Be My Baby*, *You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'*) earned him an estimated \$5,000,000 before he retired in 1966 at age 25. Last February Spector was brought in by Beatles Manager Allen Klein to give the album a little commercial passion. And did he ever.

No Plot. Ostensibly the last of the 19 LPs turned out by the Beatles in the extraordinary six years of their fame, *Let It Be* is also one of their worst. *The Long Winding Road*, for example, with Spector's broad-brushed addition of strings, harp and choir, is outright embarrassing. Most of the takes were recorded in early 1969 during the shooting of a Beatles film happening, also called *Let It Be*. While the film (to be released this week in the U.S.) has no plot, its basic theme appears to be "a day in the recording life" of the Beatles. The LP was planned as a "sound-track album" complete with false starts and in-between chatter.

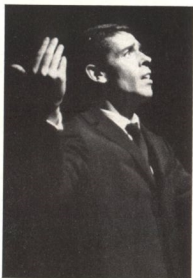
No Beatles' LP could be all dull, however. *Get Back* is topnotch. *For You Blue* is a small gem featuring a moonlit slide guitar that twangs all the way from Nashville to Waikiki. Underlying the basically nostalgic thrust of the album is an authentic piece of oldtime rock 'n' roll. *One After 909*, which Lennon and McCartney wrote together back in the mid-'50s.

The odds are good that *Let It Be* will be roundly panned. The odds are equally good that the album will sell in round millions. After all, since the recent Paul McCartney outbreak (TIME, April 20), no one can be really sure that *Let It Be* is not the group's last trip to the platter.

Alive and Well

Youth dies. Life hurts. Love warms. Understanding heals. The wounds and balms of the human condition are so commonplace that men eventually experience them without noticing. It is only when art magnifies truth that audiences become aware of it—and of themselves. One of the most powerful magnifiers currently in use is a cabaret show with the unwieldy title, *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*.

Two years ago, when the show opened in Greenwich Village, the logical



JACQUES BREL



ELLY STONE

Oceans of silence, islands of song.

response to the title might have been: So what? The songs were written by an obscure Belgian bourgeois-turned-chaunter; they were being sung in the dark basement of the Village Gate by four nobodies. But one of these nobodies was a phosphorescent waif named Elly Stone, who breathed life and passion into Brel's hard-edged depictions of soul v. circumstance. Nearly 1,000 performances later, *Jacques Brel* is still vibrantly alive and well in New York. On an initial investment of \$52,000, four companies of Brel have grossed more than \$34 million, and this week audiences in Boston are discovering Elly Stone as she continues to discover the songs—as if for the first time.

When an actress appears in a long run she tends to lose her gusto. This is called getting stale. Once in a long while a performer appears who remains as fresh in the road company as she was on opening night. This is called Elly Stone. Oddly enough, in the early years of her career, Elly seemed a sure showbiz loser. In the '50s she sang her way cross-country with her first hus-

band, an itinerant magician. They slept and nearly froze in a Kansas scrap-car lot; they lived on bananas in Florida; they starved; they split. Elly played club dates and even a carnival—all without recognition. She failed in the Catskills. In a Manhattan boîte she appeared briefly with Raconteur Jean Shepherd. "Relax," he told her. "These are the good old days."

The good old days got worse. Elly sang in striptease shows, and understudied Barbra Streisand in *I Can Get It for You Wholesale*. It was like sending a sparrow in for a hawk. Off-Broadway was a better avenue for her talents. In 1961, she found herself in a little musical entitled *O,ysters!* Its author-producer was Eric Blau, a minor

poet who was to become her second husband. A ghostwriter by trade (for Mickey Mantle, Jim Brown), Blau had a contagious obsession: Jacques Brel. "I was knocked out when I heard his work," he recalls. "I had never known any songwriter to address himself to the human condition. I began to collect Brel." So did another enthusiast, Composer Mort Shuman, who had assisted at the birth of the rock generation by writing tunes (*Viva Las Vegas*) for Elvis Presley. Together, Shuman and Blau sifted through Brel's 150-song repertory. They settled on an irreducible 25 for *Alive and Well*.

American Treadmill. Brel's idiom is barely translatable from Flemish to French, let alone from French to English. Blau and Shuman went an impossible step farther, translating English into American. *Les Flamandes* (The Flemish Women), for example, became *Marathon*, and metamorphosed from a Belgian character study into a portrayal of the American treadmill. Then came the hard part. Blau wanted the show staged with "everything floating, and

the feeling that all was pressed against a tapestry of utter silence." Off-Broadway, utter silence is a phenomenon that usually occurs only after a show closes.

Elly Stone made it an ingredient of her debut. Oceans of eerie quiet still surround Brel's 16-bar novellas at every performance. The narrow, tremulous wraith appears in black velvet pants and jacket, a little lace jabot at her throat. The mordant chords purl from the back of the stage, and she becomes an authentically possessed figure. On the slow numbers, the words are not sung; they seem to float from her throat. The up-tempo songs could survive almost any rendition, but when Elly sings them, she charges them with alternating currents of energy and melancholia. She does not interpret the songs, she becomes their owner—and their tenant. In *Carousel*, she sings in a lazy, wheeling style—until suddenly the merry-go-round lurches out of control. The carousel spins elliptically, dangerously, until the singer reaches an unbearable frenzy—and shatters. Audiences that witness such tours de force know what it must have been like in the '30s, when the young Lotte Lenya sang the works of Brecht and Weill, and cabaret fused with art.

Ironic Couplets. The resemblance to Brecht and Weill does not end with Elly. The elusive melodies seem, at first, to be mere cloaks for Brel's verse. But they bear constant repetition—indeed, some enthusiasts have come to the Brel show as often as 56 times. As for his lyrics, the terse, ironic couplets recognize revelations beyond politics and fashion; they know that every man is an expatriate from the province of youth.

*Sons of the thief, sons of the saint/
Who is the child without complaint?
Sons of the great or sons unknown/
All were children like your own...*

Those who have heard both Brel and Stone know that Elly is more than an interpreter of the composer; she is a soul sister whose versions often excel those of their creator. That is fortunate; it will be some time before Jacques Brel recrosses the Atlantic. He professes love for Americans in America, but he will not pay a visit to the U.S. until the war in Viet Nam is over. He is—literally—up in the air about his present career. He has but one important possession, a private airplane, in which he darts about the Continent. He has divested himself of home and wife. He has not appeared onstage since a brief 1968 success in the Paris version of *Man of La Mancha*. Alone, Brel arrives and takes off where he pleases, an almost fictional figure even to his countrymen. But late next month he is scheduled to land in Paris to appear with Elly Stone in a special for French television. It is one appearance he looks forward to—in contrast to his co-star. "Brel is the master," she says. "I'm scared."



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STONE MOUNTAIN MEMORIAL* WITH CHIEF CARVER (CENTER) INSPECTING LEE'S CHIN

ART

Mountain in Labor

Michelangelo was dead, so in 1916 the United Daughters of the Confederacy hired Gutzon Borglum. All they wanted him to construct at Stone Mountain, an island-size rock five miles round and 825 feet tall near Atlanta, was the world's biggest sculpture: a memorial to the Confederacy.

Borglum had big ideas too. At first, he planned to carve nearly the whole Confederate army on the mountain. He worked on models, and in 1923 was given a \$250,000 contract for the first seven figures. But he was thrown off the job in 1925 because his patrons felt he was not working as hard as he might. Borglum retreated in pique to hack out the second largest sculpture in the world—Mount Rushmore.

Another sculptor, Augustus Lukeman, took over. He began by blasting off the mountain any Borglum work that interfered with his own. Then he banged away at the Georgia granite until funds ran out in mid-1928. He died in 1935. The unfinished memorial was left to the wind and wildlife.

In 1958 the State of Georgia bought the rock, and in 1963 a new sculptor, Walter Hancock of Massachusetts, was hired. Plans for the project had shrunk by then to a mere three figures on horseback. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Jefferson Davis, their two-foot stone eyeballs popping and their megalithic hats held reverently over their huge hearts, rode across the cliff face on horses that seemed to have been resurrected from a

dim memory of the Parthenon frieze by the resident soapcutter of Forest Lawn.

But it was still impressive—at least to Hancock, who is his own best publicist. "There really is no valid comparison to this work. The Stone Mountain carving is bigger than any other in the world," he says. Lee's horse, Traveller, is 147 ft. from nose to tail; those so inclined, says Hancock, "could ride a horse along Traveller's back." Jackson's nose is 43 ft. long, one of the biggest—if not the best—noses in the history of Western art. The whole composition measures 190 ft. by 305 ft., set 400 ft. up in a carved-out area "larger than a football field." It was unveiled last week in the presence of Spiro Agnew (see THE NATION).

Those given to pessimism may reflect that after the Apocalypse, when Palazzo Strozzi, Santa Sophia and Chartres are dust and every Titian in the world has been reduced to radioactive tinder, Stone Mountain may yet survive.

A Living Wall

"The largest painting in the world," Artist Yaacov Agam calls it. That may be something of an overstatement.* And Agam's work is certainly not in the same dimensional league (or medium) as Stone Mountain. But it no doubt seemed large enough to its creator. Involved, after all, were five months of 8-hour days with the aid of ten assistants, 592 sheets of aluminum base, each mounted at a 60° angle to

the wall, 1,000 lbs. of paint in 347 different colors and a whopping cost of \$100,000. Whatever its physical qualifications, Agam's gargantuan mural in the new cultural center of Leverkusen, West Germany, is a landmark in kinetic painting.

Like a massive, multicolored jewel with facets that only become visible from different angles, the mural totally encompasses the center's hexagonal-shaped auditorium in a changing panorama of brilliant colors and forms. "I couldn't say a word for two hours after I saw it," says Paris Op Artist Jésus Rafael Soto. Not all visitors are so admiring.

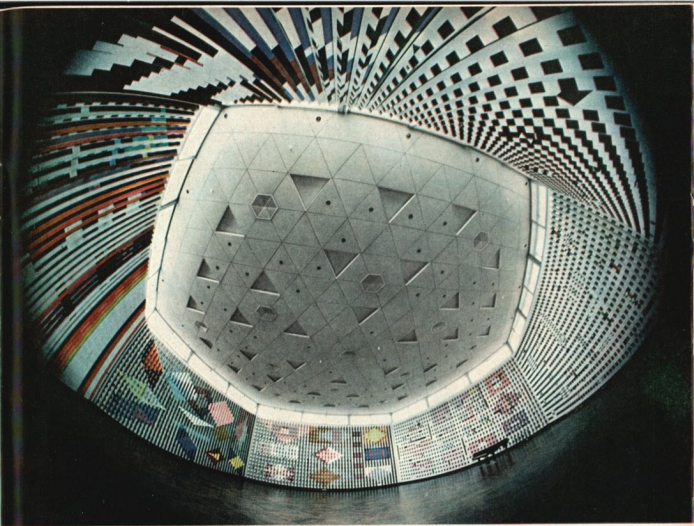
Changing Reality. Some city fathers, in fact, have complained that the mural's visual movements are distracting for entertainers and lecturers. But Willi Kreiterling, director of the cultural center and instrumental in getting Agam the commission, insists that "Agam's murals no more distract than the elaborate decorations in a Baroque church." For his part, the 42-year-old Israeli artist pays tribute to the city's daring in accepting his first experiment with a "total environment," and he is proud that traditional ethnic bitterness was overcome. "The Germans were willing to meet my every technical exigency," he says, "going even further perhaps than the Americans and Israelis might have done."

Agam's art, in one sense, is intended to disturb. "This is a living wall," he insists. "Like reality, it is changing, disappearing, ever present. Its impact comes from its attempt to accept change." Looking at a wall from one angle, for example, the viewer sees an overall pattern of black and white; then from a different perspective it seems to explode in dozens of bright hues. Sometimes the scheme is a bold arrangement of pop colors. Turn around and it is all delicate pastels.

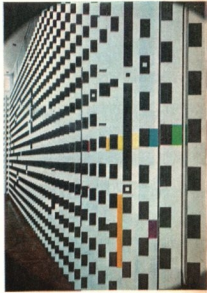
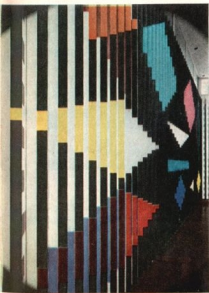
Cabalistic Wisdom. Agam was born Yaacov Gipsstein in Rishon le Zion, when Israel was still Palestine. The son of a cabalistic rabbi, he never entered a school until the age of 13 and even now credits much of his thinking and visual vocabulary to cabalistic wisdom. Since Judaism forbids the creation of graven images, he searched for ways and means of producing a "living" art, one that while not depicting reality would yet approximate its changing character. After moving to Paris in 1951, he developed an interest in science and technology, which in turn led to his experiments with optical movement.

Today, Agam is so besieged with major commissions that he says he had to give up his commitment to his New York gallery. Among projects in the works are a fire-and-water fountain for St. Louis, a Star of David created by laser beams and mirrors for an Illinois synagogue and a mural for the Tel Aviv museum. Meanwhile, Leverkusen on the Rhine, whose chief distinction until now has been its sprawling Bayer industries, has settled down to living with its "living wall."

* From left: Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.



Yaacov Agam's hexagonal mural in Leverkusen, West Germany, envelops the viewer in a whirl of color and geometry. Painted on aluminum panels, the patterns change as the spectator walks past. The three views shown below are all of the same wall.



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY ERIC SCHALL



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THE PRESS

Front-Page Fitzpatrick

Everyone knows that the hard-drinking, writin', fightin' newspaperman is a creature of the past, a denizen of a simpler age, when "media" was just a word in Latin and penny-press barons waged ferocious circulation wars with gory headlines and salacious scoops. Everyone, that is, except people who know Tom Fitzpatrick of the *Chicago Sun-Times*. At 42, "Fitz" seems to be a character straight from the typewriters of Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, reporting, writing, drinking and brawling in the best *Front Page* tradition. "Yeah," he says, "I'm out of my time. I would have been great 30 years ago." Perhaps, but the Pulitzer committee, which last week awarded him the prize for local general reporting, seems to think he is pretty good right now.*

Stupid Bowlers. Fitzpatrick won his Pulitzer for a first-person, 1,500-word account of S.D.S. Weathermen on the rampage last fall in Chicago. "I got the story because I can run like a scared antelope when I have to," he says. "I ran five miles with those kids that night, and I kept up with them." After the running, he really had to pour on the steam, banging out some ten pages against a deadline only 40 minutes away, finishing so close to it that he did not even have a chance to read the story over. In the eyewitness account, Fitzpatrick refuses to moralize. Instead, he creates a word picture of the rampage that leaves the reader out of breath. "By this time," he wrote of the early part of the run, "you have already learned one important rule about mobs who are tossing rocks. You have to stay up front and stay right in the street with them. If you get on the sidewalk, you'll never see the rock that hits you instead of an apartment window." Later comes the confrontation: the police "were lined up across the street, and they weren't saying a word. It was a sight so formidable that you didn't blame the kids when they turned and ran back . . . to escape."

Even without reworking his story, Fitzpatrick knew it was first-rate. In fact, an hour before he was notified that he had won a Pulitzer, he walked into the office of *Sun-Times* Editor Jim Hoge to announce: "If this contest isn't rigged, I think I'm going to win."

For Fitzpatrick, it was a long-delayed victory. A journalism major at

Kent State, he switched to English when the chairman of the journalism department told him he could not write and would never make it as a reporter. For a long time, it seemed that the chairman was at least half right. As a cub reporter on the *Toledo Blade* in 1957, Fitzpatrick freelanced a story for a competing paper. He was fired. At his next job, in Lima, Ohio, he recalls that "I was writing a column in which I said that bowling was stupid and that bowlers were stupid. The publisher told me I couldn't say that any more. So the next morning, I wrote another column saying how stupid I thought bowlers were." Again he was fired.

After some relatively quiet years on the *Chicago Tribune* (where he won the paper's Beck award in 1963 for his



"FITZ" CELEBRATING PULITZER
Victory over a circuitous route.

reporting of a mine disaster), Fitzpatrick was hired in 1966 by the *Chicago Daily News* to cover baseball. At the Chicago Cubs-White Sox intracity game of 1966, Fitzpatrick, who had been drinking, started slugging it out with another reporter a few feet away from his managing editor. The next morning, Fitzpatrick says, the editor "accused me of ruining the greatest day in sports in the history of the city of Chicago." Once again he was fired.

His next tour of duty was on the copy desk of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. "They were going to rehabilitate me," Fitzpatrick recalls. "They weren't going to let me out on the street to report. I stayed there until I couldn't stand it any longer. Then I got drunk and they fired me." Back to freelancing and Chicago, where *Sun-Times* Editor Hoge took him aside one day and said he had a job for him if he could straighten up. Fitzpatrick said he could.

He cut down on his beer drinking and began jogging three to five miles a day. He lost 40 lbs. (down to 185 lbs.) and has gone for weeks at a time without a drink. "I wanted to be in good shape because I wanted to prove to everybody I wasn't a drunk," he says. Still, the reformed Fitzpatrick has had his incidents. A month ago he was assigned to cover one of the first flights of a Boeing 747 from New York to Paris as part of his vacation time. He got a passport and said goodbye on Monday for the Tuesday flight. Wednesday he called the city desk. "This is Fitz," he said. "I'm not in Paris." As he tells it, he had gone out drinking with friends, lost his passport in their car, and didn't find it till two days later. "I guess I really didn't want to go to Paris," he says.

Marshal with Guts. Covering the Chicago conspiracy trial, Fitzpatrick was denied entrance to the pressroom one day after proceedings had ended. He gave the federal marshal "my freedom-of-the-press speech. Then I told him I'd like to see if he had the guts to throw me in jail." The marshal did have the guts; Fitzpatrick was booked. He still bristles at the incident. "I feel that on a story I've got a right to be there and cover everything," he fumes. "If it costs me my life, if I get fired and can never get another job, that's O.K. I'm still going to write the story the way I see it."

As of last week, the chances of another Fitzpatrick firing were clearly diminished. In victory, he was magnanimous. "I owe it all to Jim Hoge," he said, "because he gave me a job when nobody else in the country would have hired me." Then he added: "And I owe it all to me because I'm so good."

Close Before Striking

The Fantasticks is a sugary off-Broadway musical that has been running for ten years. With serene irrelevance, it has been variously described in the *Goings on About Town* department of *The New Yorker* as: "A man, a plan, a canal: Panama!"; "Close cover before striking match!"; "Rock of ages, cleft for me"; and "Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John." Associate Editor Gardner Botsford explains that he gets bored writing the same straight capsule reviews of long-run shows. So did Robert Benchley when he handled theater listings for the original *Life* magazine in the '20s. Of *Abie's Irish Rose*, which ran 2,327 performances, Benchley once babbled: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." But Botsford has added a new literary dimension. He is currently using listings for *The Fantasticks*, *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Hello, Dolly!* to serialize James Joyce's *Ulysses*, sentence by sentence. Says Botsford of reader reaction to his serialization: "Many are delighted that can identify the excerpts, but others think we are trying to communicate with the Russian herring fleet in code."

* The other Pulitzer journalism winners: Thomas Darter, Editorial Cartooning, *Newsday*; William Eaton, National Reporting, *Chicago Daily News*; Philip Geyelin, Editorial Writing, *Washington Post*; Seymour Hersh, International Reporting, *Dispatch News Service*; Marquis Childs, Commentary, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*; Ada Louise Huxtable, Criticism, *New York Times*; Dallas Kinney, Feature Photography, *Palm Beach Post*; Harold Martin, Local Reporting, *Special, Alabama Journal*; and Steve Starr, Spot News Photography, Associated Press.

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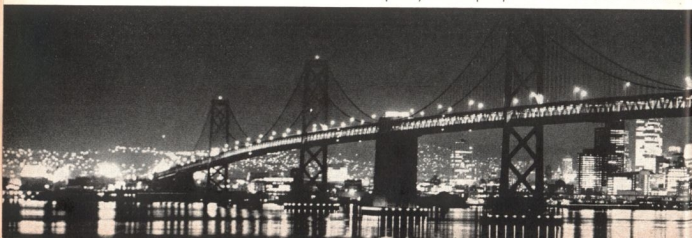
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THE THEATER

A 19th Century Shylock

Under the shadow of a Venetian palazzo, the figure strides onstage in the regalia of an affluent Victorian gentleman—top hat, frock coat, gloves and cane. Is this some cultured character out of the pages of Henry James? One of the gentry from *The Forsyte Saga*? Hardly. It is Shakespeare's "wolvish, bloody" Shylock, in a provocative new production of *The Merchant of Venice* by London's National Theatre.

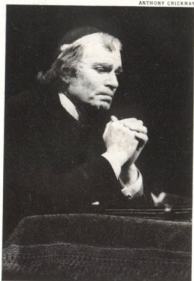
The director is the multidexterous Jonathan Miller, who for the past year has been making a name in England as a Shakespearean interpreter. For his Old Vic debut, he has removed *Merchant* from its traditional Renaissance setting and placed it in that most mercantile of periods, the late 19th century. In his staging, the characters as well as the furniture are ornate, substantial, richly upholstered. The verse is flattened into realistic conversational accents. The play's extravagances are trimmed to the tone and dimensions of a leather-cushioned board room.

Engine of Commerce. The point is as clear as it is contemporary. Money and goods are what the Venetian world turns on. But in Miller's conception, the obsession is shared not only by Shylock and his fellow usurers but also among those who look down on Shylock—Christian merchants, lovers, well-born ladies. All levels of society are driven by the engine of commerce, in marriage contracts no less than in other transactions.

A director who sees the countinghouse at the center of the play cannot take seriously Portia's enchanted realm of Belmont, with its fairy-tale plot and flowery sentiments. Miller treats it as either hypocritical or irrelevant. He turns the cast scenes into occasions for extravaganzas of comic stage business. In the famous lyric dialogue between Lorenzo and Jessica ("In such a night as this . . ."), he makes Lorenzo a pipe-puffing bore and has Jessica fall asleep. Thus he undercuts the romantic element of the play, the key to what Shaw called the work's "humanity and poetry." In a world ruled by money, Miller suggests, poetry and magic have no currency.

In short, Miller takes a one-sided view of the play, but it is a strong side. For one thing, it makes the play more than ever Shylock's play. And as Shylock, Miller has Laurence Olivier—at 62, performing the role for the first time in his career. In keeping with the period setting, Olivier does away with the hooked nose, greasy locks and biblical rantings that have served stage Shylocks down through the centuries. His is a Jew who has come out of the ghetto and into his own, proving that you can teach an old dog nouveau tricks.

Yet if this Shylock is more or less domesticated, he is not quite tamed. His fashionable top hat comes off to reveal



OLIVIER IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
A world ruled by money.

a yarmulke on his head. His upper-class speech breaks down into a breathy canine laugh or into red-faced rages of snarling and spitting. Once, after his humiliation in court, his dignity falls away completely and he lapses offstage into a piercing primeval wail of lamentation. Disappointingly to some, this is as near as Olivier comes in this characterization to performing at full classical pitch. Nor does he modulate to softer emotions. He tears angrily through the "Hath not a Jew eyes" speech, from which most Shylocks learn the last drop of pathos.

Like the production as a whole, Olivier makes no easy appeal to the audience's sympathies, but holds to an avid, harshly funny portrayal of the cruelty of human justice and the bitter ironies of human mercy. At the end of Shakespeare's text, Jessica and the merchant, the two characters whose triumphs have been bought at the cost of Shylock's downfall, pause alone and silently onstage before the final curtain. The moment apparently is intended by Director Miller to evoke Shylock, and it works. Such is the flinty power of Olivier's unorthodox performance that his unseen presence dominates the stage at that moment as few actors ever do when they are actually on it.

Laughtime in Bedlam

In his all too brief career, the only grief that British Playwright Joe Orton ever visited on anyone in the theater was his untimely death at the age of 34. Orton gleefully beat sacred cows on their way to the last roundup (*Entertaining Mr. Sloane*; TIME, Oct. 22, 1965). He was a black-comedy *farceur* who could dance on a coffin and spit in the corpse's eye (*Loot*; TIME, March

29, 1968). It has been said that "a joke is a scream for help." In Orton's mouth, a joke was an urbane substitute for murder. He was a wild Wilde man.

The zaniest play he wrote is now on view off Broadway. *What the Butler Saw* is basically a Feydeauian farce. Like the great French playwright, Orton recognized that a closed door is funnier, and maybe even more erotic, than an open bed. Orton, like Feydeau, understood that logic carried to its logical conclusion is madness.

Superiors in Madness. The setting of the play is the fashionable modern equivalent of a madhouse, a psychiatric clinic. Dr. Prentice (Laurence Luckinbill) has just advertised for a secretary-typist. In comes Geraldine Barclay (Diana Davila), a toothsome cutie of unblemished innocence. Before anyone can say "stocking fetishist," he has her stockings off. Before anyone can yell "body snatcher," she is lying nude on the doctor's examination couch (behind a curtain, that is—this play caters only to the playgoer's imagination). In comes the doctor's wife (Jan Farrand), a blonde minibombshell charitably described by her husband as a nymphomaniac. When she makes her usual complaint about Dr. Prentice's lack of expertise as a lover, the doctor replies a trifle uncharitably: "You were born with your legs apart. They'll send you to the grave in a Y-shaped coffin."

In comes Mrs. Prentice's previous night's lover, Nick (Charles Murphy), a hotel bellboy in full uniform who wants to blackmail the lady with some morning-after photo negatives. She replies haughtily: "When I gave myself to you the contract didn't include cinematic rights." To cap the comers-in, in comes Dr. Rance (Lucian Scott), an official inspector of mental clinics: "I represent our government, your immediate superiors in madness." What follows is a running maze of exits, reappearances, disappearances, mistaken identities, clothes swapping between men and women, and one of those crazy-happy recognition endings that Shakespeare used in which half the people onstage turn out to be long-separated relatives of the other half. Joseph Hardy, who last directed the mutely ominous schoolboys of *Child's Play*, moves his cast around like field and track stars and earns the versatility award of the season.

Therapy Workshop. Many of Orton's jokes are the kind told in mixed company only after several drinks. But the man had a machine-gun wit that he leveled on pomposities, pretensions and do-good liberal cant of any kind. Sample burst of fire: Mrs. Prentice: "What's Miss Barclay doing in the therapy workshop?" Dr. Prentice: "She's making white tar babies for sale in color-prejudice trouble spots."

The underlying motif of the play is madness. The government is mad. The police are mad. Psychiatrists are mad. By extension, the modern world is mad. It is not such a new idea. What is wonderfully refreshing is that Joe Orton has such mad, mad fun with it.

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MILESTONES

Married. Judy Carne, 31, *Laugh-In's* "Sock-It-To-Me" girl, presently starring in Broadway's *The Boy Friend*; and Robert Bergmann, 23, producer of TV commercials; she for the second time, he for the first; in a Unitarian ceremony attended by 100 onlookers and held at dawn in Manhattan's Central Park.

Died. H. James Shea Jr., 30, Massachusetts Democratic state legislator who sponsored the bill under which state residents may refuse to fight abroad in undeclared wars, thereby setting up a possible constitutional test of the Viet Nam War; of a single gunshot wound in the head by his own hand (.38 cal. revolver); in Newton, Mass.

Died. Eugenia Niarchos, 44, third wife of Stavros Niarchos, Greek shipping baron and archrival of Aristotle Onassis; of an overdose of barbiturates; on her husband's privately owned islet of Spetsopoula, 56 miles southwest of Athens. In a game of musical marital chairs, Stavros divorced Eugenia in 1965 to marry Charlotte Ford, who bore him a daughter six months later. They were divorced within 15 months, after which Niarchos found his way back to Eugenia, said a friend, like "one of his own tankers drifting back to home port after a transatlantic junket."

Died. Walter P. Reuther, 62, for 24 years president of the United Automobile Workers and champion of progressive trade unionism; in the crash of a small chartered jet near Pellston, Mich. Reuther, who started as an apprentice tool and die maker at 15, went on to become one of the most controversial figures in the U.S. labor movement. Fired by Ford for union activity in 1933, he later worked as an organizer for the fledgling U.A.W., survived severe shotgun wounds in 1948 to pioneer the guaranteed annual wage principle for the automobile industry in 1955. Reuther led the C.I.O. into a historic merger with the A.F.L., but grew so discontented with George Meany's leadership that in 1968 he withdrew his carefully honest union to form a bizarre alliance with the Teamsters. In frustration, he watched the American labor movement dilute its once-ferocious militancy.

Died. Paulina Z. Zhemchovina, 76, wife of former Premier and Foreign Minister Vyacheslav M. Molotov; of cancer; in Moscow. As ardent a Communist as her husband, she climbed the Soviet bureaucracy, first as director of a perfume factory, later as head of the cosmetics trust. In 1939, she became one of the first women to achieve Cabinet rank as Minister of Fisheries. She fell into disfavor with Stalin, lost her job and was exiled for a time—even though her husband remained one of the dictator's most important henchmen.

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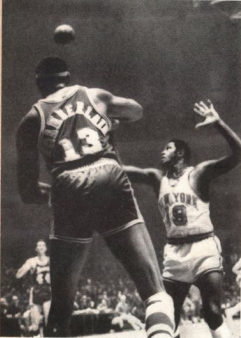
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SPORT

The Knicks at Last

In the rough and tumble world of professional basketball, survival is often the name of the game. Early this season, the Los Angeles Lakers lost the services of Center Wilt Chamberlain, the victim of a torn knee tendon. Wilt missed 70 games, and the Lakers were lucky to make the National Basketball Association play-offs. The New York Knickerbockers, on the other hand, never had a better season: they breezed into the finals behind Center Willis Reed, the league's Most Valuable Player. Then

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REED AGAINST CHAMBERLAIN
He could have played on his knees.

last week, with the best-of-seven series tied at two games apiece, a startling turn-about occurred. There stood Chamberlain, back from surgery and looking as menacing as ever. And there, after eight minutes of the fifth game, lay Reed, writhing on the floor with a severely strained hip muscle.

As Reed was led limping off the court, Knick Coach Red Holzman was seized by a desire "to go to the movies." If he had, he would have missed one of the most remarkable rallies in N.B.A. history. With Reed gone, Chamberlain dominated the pivot and led the Lakers to a commanding 53-40 lead at half time. In the second half, the Knicks started three forwards and two guards and shifted to what they call their "inspirational defense." One part heart and three parts hustle, the pressing defense drove the Lakers—and 19,500 wildly cheering fans in Madison

Square Garden—into a near hysteria. The undersized Knicks skittered around the 7-ft. 1-in. Chamberlain like squirrels under a sequoia, forcing the shaky Lakers to throw the ball away 19 times. Final score: Knicks 107, Lakers 100.

Two nights later in Los Angeles the Lakers could not do anything wrong. With Reed still sidelined, the Lakers' strategy was basic: work it in to Wilt. He responded by raking in 27 rebounds and scoring 45 points as the Lakers crushed the Knicks 135 to 113. That tied the series at three games apiece and set the stage for the final game. Vowed Reed: "I will play even if I have to hop around on one leg."

As it happened, he could have played on his knees. Reed, limping noticeably, scored the first basket of the game, and the Knicks never looked back. In a virtual replay of their ball-hawking heroics in the fifth game, the New Yorkers all but ran the Lakers off the court. Hobbled though he was, Reed continually muscled Chamberlain out of position; the tallest and strongest man in the game rarely had a clear shot. The Knicks' outside men hounded the Lakers to distraction. On offense, their whirling, quick-cutting weaves time and again sprang a man loose. With Guard Walt Frazier leading the way, the Knicks hit 58% of their shots and rolled to a runaway 69-42 lead at half time. In the second half, it was more of the same as Holzman sent in waves of reserves who squelched every Los Angeles rally. For the Lakers, the 113-99 defeat was the seventh time they had gone to the championship finals and lost. For the Knicks, it was the first N.B.A. title in 24 years.

Gorgeous Georgie

Mothers want to reform him. Schoolboys strive to emulate him. And girls by the thousands dreamily chant his name whenever he appears on the playing field. Another Joe Namath? Not at all. George Best is the name, and the fans hail him as the most glamorous, most electrifying soccer player ever to come out of the British Isles. Says Danny Blanchflower, a onetime soccer great in his own right: "Best's movements are quick, light, balletic. He is a master of control and manipulation. And with it all, there is his utter disregard for danger."

Long of hair and short of temper, Best, 23, has been a marked man since 1968, when he led the Manchester United eleven to their first European Cup championship and was named Footballer of the Year. At 5 ft. 9 in. and 150 lbs., he looks like a sparrow in shorts next to the burly "hatchetmen" who triple-team him to cries of "Break the bastard's legs!" Best's revenge is "to make them feel so inferior they'll never want to play football again." He does it with speed, deception and an uncanny skill for controlling the ball while warding

off tacklers. Earlier this season, coming off a 28-day suspension for angrily slapping the ball out of a referee's hands, Best humbled Northampton by scoring a record-tying six goals in a single game. In last week's match against the Bari team of Italy, Georgie sidestepped the bull-like charges of defenders as gracefully as a matador, and scored the first goal in Manchester's 2-to-1 victory.

All-Night Caravan. That kind of talent is worth \$150,000 a year in salary and endorsements—to say nothing of the proceeds from fashion modeling and the three boutiques that bear his name. But then it takes a lot to support his lifestyle. After home games, Best mans one of his fleet of sports cars and leads

THE PICTORIAL PARADE



BEST & FRIENDS
Joe Namath? Who's he?

a caravan of "Best Setters" on boozy all-night rounds of the pubs. Threatened with suits for breach of promise as well as for damages resulting from a street brawl, Georgie pusses off the "unfortunate happenings" as the price he must pay for being a pop idol. He claims to have dated more than 1,000 eagerly willing "Georgie girls," a fact that caused one local sportswriter to note: "Part of the enjoyment of the kill is the chase, and Georgie is missing the fun of the chase."

Nevertheless, Georgie has been having some qualms about mixing sport and the sporting life. In July, he says, when he moves into a new \$72,000 split-level in suburban Manchester, he is "going to spend a lot of time alone." Well, sort of alone. The Georgie girls will still come and go, but he vows that he will never marry. "Unless," he says, "Bardot asked me. She wouldn't, would she?"



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ANTIWAR DEMONSTRATORS ON WALL STREET

A TIME-Louis Harris Poll

What Businessmen

At a time of economic uneasiness, social turbulence and foreign war, the nation's top businessmen still express confidence in President Nixon, but that confidence is wearing thin in several critical areas of policy. While business leaders approve of the President's economic policies in general, they fault him on several specifics. Their most pressing concern is inflation. On the broader issues, they back Nixon on the war in Viet Nam but show some misgivings over Laos and Cambodia and disapprove of his handling of student dissent. Their opinions could presage a wavering of business support for Nixon in 1972.

Those are the findings of a TIME-Louis Harris poll of 537 high-ranking U.S. businessmen, ranging from chief executive officers to key executive, financial and operations vice presidents, who run the companies on the *FORTUNE* list of the 500 largest U.S. industrial firms. They are precisely the men who gave Nixon some of his most ardent support in the 1968 election. Two-thirds are Republicans (only 10% are Democrats and the rest independents), and fully 84% voted for the President. The poll was taken last week, after Nixon had announced the invasion of Cambodia and just before the eruption of the massive campus protest over that move and the deaths of four students at Kent State University.

Short-Lived Recession. The businessmen's heaviest criticism of the President focused on the economy. Two-thirds

BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

A Sense of Foreboding

In the U.S. economy, the pessimism index last week stood at its highest point in many years. There were worries that the economy, caught between inflation and recession, would be further strained by the stepped-up war, and that President Nixon had no better medicines to apply than those he has already tried. They are not working—at least not yet.

Unemployment is climbing faster than the President had wished; it jumped from 4.4% of the labor force in March to 4.8% last month, the sharpest rise in a decade. The President's hope for a budget surplus is disappearing, a victim of the decline in tax collections, federal pay raises and the Cambodian invasion. Nixon tried to help out the stock market by making some bullish remarks, and the Federal Reserve chipped in last week by reducing margin requirements from 80% to 65%. Yet stocks continued to hover close to the low that they reached after the assassination of President Kennedy in 1963.

It is quite possible that stocks may soar after some favorable turn of events in the near future, but last week the bearish mood went far beyond economics alone. As Howard Stein, president of the Dreyfus Fund, put it: "What is happening on Wall Street is what is happening in the world. We are overextended morally, economically and politically, and we are about to get our first margin call as a national power." In front of the Corinthian columns of the New York Stock Exchange, hard-hatted construction workers bearing American flags attacked a group of youthful antiwar demonstrators.

The mood was made worse because almost everybody feels poorer than he once was. The U.S. worker's average real income is lower now than four years ago; his average weekly wages are \$117.55, but in terms of 1957-59 dollars, he earns only \$77.40 compared with \$78.39 four years ago. Corporations are strapped. Their liquid assets—cash and Government securities—are about \$70 billion, but their short-term liabilities have soared from \$153 billion in 1960 to \$334 billion early this year. The big commercial banks are hard-pressed. They have 86% of their deposits out in loans—an exceptionally high, potentially dangerous proportion. The economy is generally in far worse shape to support a war than it was when the Viet Nam escalation began in 1965. The Treasury, trying to refinance \$4.9 billion in publicly held debt last week, had a tough time selling its new issues in the straitened capital markets. In order to support the Treasury issue, the Federal Reserve was forced to go against its desires and pump a massive amount of money into the banking system—a move that will hamper the fight against inflation.

Amid all this, the President tried to exude optimism about business and sent his economic advisers to various platforms to proclaim that all will be well. Yet Nixon seems to be paying less and less attention to them. He neither consulted nor informed his chief economic advisers about his decision to go into Cambodia. Some men inside his divided Administration believe that the President's political aides have become more influential than his economic aides on business matters, and that he appears to be shutting himself off from his best sources of economic counsel.

Q: Is the country in a recession now?

YES	55%
NO	43%
not sure 2%	

gloomily judged the economy to be in worse shape today than it was a year ago, and 78% said that Nixon's policies had contributed to the stock-market decline. Only 40% felt that he was doing a good job in bringing inflation under control, and just a third agreed that he was doing well in keeping down the cost of living. Even so, most approved, 59% to 40%, of the President's economic policies in general, and nine out of ten felt that the Johnson Administration was basically to blame for the country's economic ills.

All together, 55% of the business leaders believed that the economy is now in a recession, and another 9% were of the opinion that it is headed toward one. The first group divided almost evenly on whether the recession would be relatively short-lived (six months or less)

Think of President Nixon

or last a year or more. More than four-fifths thought that the nation would have continuing inflation combined with rising unemployment during 1970, but judged that unemployment would be kept within bounds that they considered manageable. To the businessmen, Harris concluded, inflation was a far more ur-

idea of using wage and price controls as an anti-inflationary weapon, three-quarters of the businessmen opposed the notion. A smaller number, 53%, felt that the income surtax should not be extended. But an emphatic 89% suggested that federal spending should be cut. What else might the President do? Most significantly, 59% felt that he should do more jawboning—persuasion backed up by the power of his office—to keep down wage and price increases. Jawboning to whom? Nixon has diligently followed a hands-off policy toward both union demands and company price rises. Not surprisingly, 69% of the businessmen took exception to Nixon's attitude toward labor's wage demands, while 51% found fault with his handling of corporate price increases.

gent worry than recession. Most guessed that it would take more than a year to bring inflation under control. Remarkably, 20% said that it would never be controlled.

What to Do? When it came to offering new solutions, however, the businessmen seemed as much at a loss as the President. A majority of 59% thought that margin requirements on stock purchases should not be lowered—just a few days before the Federal Reserve Board lowered them. Half felt that the Federal Reserve should cut the discount rate to fight the recession, and the same number opposed any more rapid increase in the money supply.

Unlike the general public, which in other polls has approved for a year the

Only 43% of the executives judged that business was better off with a Republican in the White House; 47% figured it did not make much difference. Curiously, despite their gloomy judgments on the economy, most businessmen felt that the prospects for their own companies were bright. No fewer than two-thirds expected their company's profits to be higher in the coming year, and only 7% expected their profits to be down. Just 11% thought that their company's employment might drop, and 16% believed that their capital expenditures might be lower; the majority divided on whether employment and capital spending would rise or remain the same. Taken all together, those predictions indicated a certain brittleness

Q: Will unemployment growth be kept under control in the next year?



in Nixon's business support. Should their expectations for their own firms be thwarted, businessmen could rapidly turn against him.

Faint Praise. It often happens in polls that people tend to be more generous toward the President on general issues and more critical on particulars. The businessmen were no exception. Overall, Nixon received the plaudits of 72% for the job he is doing in the White House, and even more, three-quarters, voted him a competent manager and administrator. Similarly, 60%

Q: Should Nixon do more jawboning to keep down wages and prices?



approved of his appointments to high office: Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns won the approval of 66%; Paul McCracken, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, of 55%; Treasury Secretary David Kennedy of 54%; Budget Director Robert Mayo of 49%; and Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans of 40%.

Nixon's foreign policy won fairly wide support in the business establishment, though there was an apparent glimmering of doubt. His handling of the war in Viet Nam was approved by a margin of two to one. That support dropped to 55%-37% when it came to Laos, and to 49%-34% on Cambodia; 17% were uncertain what to say—an indication of business concern over the possibility of wider war. On the issue over which many Americans fault Nixon grievously, racial integration, businessmen divided evenly: half approved of his policies and half opposed them. Nixon scored far lower in his handling of student protesters: 57% of the executives disapproved of his tactics—perhaps, Polltaker Harris suggests, because so many have sons and daughters in college.

Question of Confidence. Ultimately, the key test of support—the one that counts most in the voting booth and in the board room—is how much confidence the President personally inspires. In that test Nixon won the approval of 59% of the executives polled. The figure indicated that Nixon might not get as big a vote from big business the next time around. Though the President

The President's Job Ratings

	POSITIVE %	NEGATIVE %
OVERALL RATING	72	27*
As a competent manager and administrator	76	22
Keeping the economy healthy	59	40
On his approach to taxes and spending	70	29
Bringing inflation under control	40	59
Keeping down the cost of living	33	67
Handling corporate price increases	40	51
Handling labor-union wage demands	25	69
Quality of his appointments to high office	60	38
His handling of the war in Viet Nam	65	31
Handling situation in Laos	55	37
Handling situation in Cambodia	49	34
Handling of racial and civil rights questions	49	49
Handling student protesters	38	57
Inspiring confidence personally in the White House	59	39

* The remainder are "not sure."

WHAT IS THE OUTLOOK FOR YOUR OWN COMPANY IN THE COMING YEAR?



won handily in a test runoff against Senator Edward Kennedy, 89% to 6%, and Hubert Humphrey, 85%-14%, he lost the support of 10% when paired with Senator Edmund Muskie. Nixon would get 74% of the executives' votes, compared with Muskie's 23%. Harris concluded that "today's grumblings about the President could turn into massive disenchantment." As much as anything else, that will depend on how well Nixon manages the Administration's economic policy over the coming months.

AEROSPACE

Lockheed's Lament

Though Lockheed Aircraft Corp. is the nation's biggest defense contractor, not a demonstrator was in sight at its annual meeting last week—for good reason. The meeting was held outside Los Angeles in a vacant helicopter hangar surrounded by a fence topped with barbed wire. Shareholders had to pass through four checkpoints manned by helmeted and pistol-packed guards. Company officials rattled nearby rooftops, and two tow trucks and a fire truck were on hand in case of trouble. The 630 stockholders who attended, many of them present and former Lockheed employees, roundly applauded the management—despite Chairman Daniel J. Haughton's report that the company lost \$32.6 million last year.

Lockheed's managers face an even more critical time in Congress, which must decide whether or not to use Government funds to tide the company over its severe financial troubles. Last week the House passed the Defense Department procurement bill for fiscal 1971, which included a \$544.4 million allotment for Lockheed. The prospect of passage in the Senate's more hostile environment is far less certain when the bill comes up for debate early next month. Of Lockheed's allotment, \$344.4 million represents progress payments on production of the giant C-5A military transport. The remaining \$200 million is called "contingency funding" by the Pentagon and "bailout money" by Lockheed's critics. Says Wisconsin Senator William Proxmire: "I don't think it is in the public or national interest to finance Lockheed."

Lockheed's money difficulties are as

large as the aircraft that caused most of them, the C-5A. The company underestimated the expense of building the world's biggest airplane when it eagerly underbid Boeing to get the contract in 1965. Partly because of inflation, overrun costs totaled \$1.1 billion. Lockheed's defense woes were compounded by some troubles with its contracts to build the Cheyenne helicopter, the motor for the SRAM (or short-range attack missile) and military ships. The Government has partially reimbursed Lockheed for some of its losses, but all together the four programs could conceivably wind up costing the company \$1 billion.

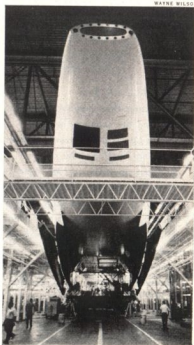
Sand of Reality. As Lockheed sees it, the fault lies not in its own performance but in a system of Pentagon contracting called Total Package Procurement, or TPP, instituted under former Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. TPP was designed to end overrun claims by setting a strict ceiling on the final cost of any project. It penalized contractors who exceeded the ceilings but held out the reward of higher profits to those who reduced production costs. As Lockheed's costs overran the total package price, wrote Chairman Haughton in the company's annual report, "the gold of good intention turned into the sand of reality." Because of what he called "Government inflexibility" in enforcing the contract's terms, Lockheed might have to pay a \$16,000-per-plane penalty for each day the C-5A is late in delivery.

At issue between Lockheed and the Pentagon now is the question of how many C-5As were ordered. The Air Force says 81. Lockheed holds that the Air Force is committed to 115, and has taken its case to the Armed Services Board of Contract Appeals. The difference amounts to nearly \$700 million for Lockheed. The board, however, is unlikely to rule until next year.

Last March Chairman Haughton wrote to the Pentagon asking for \$640 million in interim funds—that is, advance payments on problem contracts. The request assumed that the contract appeals board will rule in favor of Lockheed. Without the money, Haughton said, it would be "financially impossible" for the company to continue work on its money-losing defense programs. The Pentagon's reply was the proposal for the \$200 million "contingency fund."

Subcontractor's Risks. There is considerable irony in Lockheed's woes. The C-5A is now performing above specifications, the Army wants to order an improved Cheyenne helicopter, and the SRAM missile motor is the most advanced of its kind. Lockheed has a \$4.84 billion backlog of work. More than half of that amount is for commercial orders, chiefly the L-1011 Tri-Star "airbus," which is due to roll out next September. Lockheed, however, so far has only 173 orders for the L-1011's transcontinental model, and none at all for a planned intercontinental version—not nearly enough to break even. It is sharing the risk under a tough contract with the L-1011's subcontractors. They will not be paid until the planes are delivered to airline customers, and will receive nothing at all if Lockheed cancels production. As Haughton put it at the annual meeting last week: "I am unable to tell you positively that the L-1011 will be a profitable project."

What is more predictable is that if the Senate does not approve the proposed "contingency funds" for Lockheed, the company will face a critical shortage of cash. It has already drawn \$310 million of a \$400 million line of credit—intended for development of the L-1011, and used \$175 million of it on the contested military programs. If the Senate decides against further funds for Lockheed, the alternatives are either: 1) a shutdown of the C-5A, SRAM and Cheyenne production lines as well as Lockheed's shipyards; 2) a Government takeover of production in those four programs, or 3) a merger of Lockheed with another firm.



ASSEMBLING C-5A IN GEORGIA
How much should the public pay?



ADVERTISING

The Sweet Smell of Value

Because most advertising men are hard-core optimists, they have been slow to acknowledge the sense of uncertainty spreading over the economy and the nation. But advertising must mirror the mood of its society, and the growing signs of caution among consumers have become too obvious for even the dream spinners of Madison Avenue to ignore. The result: while there is still an abundance of frilly, fun-slanted promotions, a new tone, faintly reminiscent of the Depression years, is creeping into more and more advertising. The trend is toward a fresh stress on value.

The consumer's careful spending is influencing a wide range of products in a variety of ways. Housewives are becoming highly selective in their purchases. The main question they ask, says Gene Case, president of Manhattan's Case & Krone, is "What can I stop buying?" Case's agency, for instance, is trying to broaden the appeal of Angostura Bitters beyond that of a cocktail flavoring and increase its use as a seasoner for low-cost meals. The campaign offers suggestions on "how to repair TV dinners" and "how to make 89¢ chuck taste like \$1.29 sirloin."

Buy Chicken Stocks. Campbell Soup, which always promoted its product's quality, is now using the language of finance to stress value as well. A current ad for Campbell's chicken soup declares: "One good way to beat inflation is put your money in 2 chicken stocks. About 7¢ a share." A growing number of packaged-food producers are keeping their new products in test markets rather than risk a costly national campaign.

Travel promotions, in the main, are moderating the usual paeans to fun in far-off places and playing on the consumer purse strings as never before. Typical is the current ad for British Overseas Airways, which depicts a young couple shopping in a supermarket under the folksy headline: "Honest, Jim and Maureen Cunningham, now you can afford to go to Britain." A year ago some ads for Eastern Air Lines were entirely given over to touting the smiles of the stewardesses; today Eastern's ads carefully specify price, service and routes. In 1969 Hertz highlighted its costlier car rentals

—"Man cannot live by four-door sedans alone." Now Hertz ads stress new low-budget rates: \$99 a week, not including gas.

The thrift theme is also bobbing up in ads for durable goods that economy-minded customers might be expected to put off buying. Ads for Hotpoint appliances now boast that they "give you more than you pay for." The marketers of Toro's lawnmower, a grass cutter promoted as a convenience item, now include in their ads the pitch that "feature for feature, dollar for dollar, it's the best buy you can make." In an appeal to the austerity mood of corporations, Cessna notes in ads for its new 414 twin turbo engine business plane that "you can't buy a pressurized twin for less"—a mere \$137,950. Even the haughty emporium of Abercrombie & Fitch claims to hold the line on prices for sporting goods, billing itself as New York's "Tight Money" center.

Believing in Bargains. The brake on auto sales has all but eliminated the visceral promotions plugging four-barrel carburetors and twin cams to a rollicking drag-strip beat. "The American car-buying public is interested in economy," says Ford Advertising Manager Paul Tippet. "Our ads have to be practical rather than emotional." Accordingly, Ford's spring campaign has an "economy drive" theme. Can economy be made exciting? Answers Tippet: "Advertising does not have to be glamorous as long as it is not dull."

One new Ford TV commercial shows a Maverick Grabber in a circle of high-performance cars, while an announcer ticks off the model's cost advantages—thrifty price tag, smaller engine, lower insurance rates. No longer are Galaxies pictured majestically, if enigmatically, atop a desert plateau. The latest ads for the model state simply: "If you're thinking about buying a new car, we've got the facts on our side. Quiet facts. Strong facts. Value facts."

The first of the big three automakers to accentuate value was General Motors, and it is still pressing that theme farther than its competition. Newspaper promotions for Chevrolet are headlined: Right Car. Right Price. Right Now. To sweeten the deal, G.M. is lopping \$148 off the list price of the Chevelle four-door and \$147 from the Chevelle hard-top. Ads for Buick read: "Everybody is

looking for a bargain. Here's one you can believe in." The Chrysler-Plymouth Division promotes its Barracuda sports car by comparing its cost with competing models of G.M. and Ford. "Even the price is beautiful," notes the ad.

The current campaign for American Motors has Chairman Roy Chapin positioned before a string of A.M.C. models under the headline: "I can't believe that people enjoy paying more for a car than they have to." Mary Wells Lawrence, president of Wells, Rich, Greene, the agency that produced the ad, made her reputation with frivolous promotions like painting Braniff Airways planes in pastel colors and suiting up the stewardesses in Pucci pajamas. Such stunts, she agrees, would not work today. "You can't emphasize fantastic luxury," she says. "What smells right at the moment is sweetness, honesty and a clear explanation of value."

AUTOS

An End to Obsolescence?

Alfred P. Sloan Jr., the General Motors genius who championed the idea of the annual model change, once wrote: "The changes in the new models should be so novel as to create a certain amount of dissatisfaction with past models." In today's inflationary economy, there is a certain amount of dissatisfaction among automakers that the annual changes add so much to their bills for tooling and marketing. The consumerism movement has also made customers more concerned about prices and less interested in change for the sake of change. Last week G.M. announced that its new sub-



GENERAL MOTORS' NEW VEGA 2300
Betting on the novelty of sameness.

compact car, which is called Vega 2300 and is scheduled to roll out next September, will not look any different for at least four years.

The other automakers either have introduced or intend soon to bring out their own subcompacts. They have not been quite so explicit as G.M., but they also have strongly suggested that their little models will retain basically the same styles for several years. G.M. expects Vega sales in the first twelve months to approach 400,000 cars, but if they fall seriously short of that mark, the company could be stuck with a losing model for quite a while. Still, Vega ads promise: "If you like the 1971, you'll like the 1975," and, "Once it comes out, it's going to stay out."

How to save about \$900 and lose \$3,000... right on your own home.

Don't laugh. It could happen.

For instance, suppose you decide to sell your house. Yourself. You decide it's worth \$15,000, and you sell it for \$15,000.

Great. But how did you arrive at that price? By guesswork. It takes a lot more than that to determine a property's value. It takes a Realtor who knows houses and what they're worth.

Suppose he said your house was worth \$3,000 more. A fair price to buyer and seller. It could happen. Of course, you'd save the Realtor's fee. But at quite a cost.

So when you decide to sell a house, use your Realtor. He's not just anyone in real estate. He's the professional who is pledged to a strict code of ethics.

That's good. Especially if you want to make the best sale you can. Or, for that matter, the best buy.

Your Realtor®

Somebody good to have working for you.



A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. You can recognize him by this seal.

MUTUAL FUNDS

Farewell to Cornfeld

Like a brooding King Lear, Bernard Cornfeld sat in the forbidding, gray stone, mock medieval Villa Bella Vista on the shores of Lake Geneva. The villa, which used to echo with the pop of Moët et Chandon corks and the giggles and squeals of female employees, was hushed. Every day last week, the 23 directors of Investors Overseas Services Ltd., holding company for Cornfeld's \$2 billion European mutual-fund complex, sipped black coffee and mineral water well into the night as they sought a way out of the company's financial crisis. They were trying to do so without surrendering control to the various European and



BERNARD CORNFELD
Answering the S.O.S.

U.S. money men who were vying to take over. By week's end the rescuer had not been chosen, but the flamboyant, 42-year-old Cornfeld was forced to resign as chairman and chief executive of the I.O.S. empire, which throughout Europe is now called "S.O.S."

I.O.S. president, Edward M. Cowett, also quit, though both he and Cornfeld remained as directors. The board picked a chairman, Sir Eric Wyndham White, who is the former head of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), and a new president, Richard Hammerman, who is the head of the I.O.S. insurance operations and an increasingly powerful man. Their job was to make the best rescue deal possible.

Rescuers. The first offer to aid I.O.S. came from a longtime Cornfeld associate, Denver Millionaire John McCandish King, 43, chairman of King Resources, an oil and mineral exploration and development company. I.O.S. has invested millions in mutual-fund money in the company's oil and mineral ven-

tures, but King's terms last week were harsh. For a reported \$40 million injection of cash and notes, he demanded the I.O.S. presidency and complete control. The 35% of I.O.S. stock owned by Cornfeld and his chief lieutenants would be held in a voting trust controlled by King.

Another possible rescuer appeared to be Guy de Rothschild's Banque de Rothschild. The Paris-based Rothschilds operate one mutual fund jointly with I.O.S. Last week they were putting together a group that included their cousins, the British Rothschilds, and other European bankers, to move into the Geneva situation. They would probably command more respect in Europe than Denver's King, and they too demanded that Cornfeld give up power. Six or

GEORGE CROUTER—THE DENVER POST



JOHN McC. KING
The terms were harsh.

eight other European banks and U.S. investment groups were said to be readying bids.

Margin Calls. How had Cornfeld got into such a fix? I.O.S. is a financial conglomerate that makes money in three ways: 1) from commissions on the sale of mutual funds to the public, 2) from fees for managing those funds, and 3) from underwriting, banking, real estate and insurance operations. But the prolonged bear market has reduced the asset value of most I.O.S. funds, and sales have been lagging. Commission income has fallen, and management fees are down because assets have shrunk.

The company became vulnerable as a result of a \$110 million issue of stock in I.O.S. that was floated last fall. At first, many I.O.S. salesmen and other investors hungrily loaded up on the shares on 50% margin. When rumors began circulating that I.O.S. earnings would not live up to the officers' overconfident predictions, Swiss and German banks dumped thousands of

Rockwell Report

by Clark Daugherty, President

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

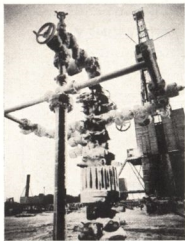


The "barrier of conventional thought" was one of the early obstacles our valve designers had to overcome in their continuing work on an AEC development contract. Sounds contradictory, since Rockwell was given the contract on the basis of our proven ability as a quality producer of a variety of conventional valves.

But after a disciplined examination of the problem in light of the current state of the valve art, our project group made what they call an "intuitive leap." As our VP of valve engineering and research says, "The new concept for a valve 'family' that we have come up with has about as much similarity to traditional valves as space reentry vehicles have to conventional aircraft."

The parallel is apt, since the valves must handle some new challenges, too: they'll be called on to isolate and control radioactive liquid metal (sodium) at 1200°F for tomorrow's fast breeder atomic reactors. The new approach is considered so unique that Rockwell was asked to present a paper on it, the only one on valves given at the International Atomic Energy Agency's symposium held in Monaco recently.

Effective problem-solving has always needed uninhibited thinking. But whether in valves or the broader problems of our society, a sound grounding in the fundamentals is needed before the innovative ideas have much chance for success.



New trees for Alaska. An interesting thing happens when warm oil begins to flow from a well on Alaska's North Slope: it melts the permafrost and the wellhead equipment starts to sink. As a result, we've designed Rockwell-McEvoy wellhead and Christmas tree equipment with a unique jacking mechanism. It allows the outer casing strings to subside with the permafrost while supporting the inner casing

strings so that oil flow is not interrupted. In addition, we've developed special metallurgy that enables the Christmas tree to take hard knocks at temperatures down to 70° below zero. Apparently this "product-prospecting" has paid off, for many of the North Slope's new trees are ours.

Old sanders never die. A man wrote us recently asking if we could repair a Rockwell sander he'd burned out by plugging it into a 220 volt outlet. That may not sound too unusual, but the fact that the sander had been working beautifully for 39 years and had a great deal of sentimental value certainly was. Two of our managers took a personal interest in the situation and not only located the parts to repair the old sander but loaned the man a new one to use in the meantime. The customer was somewhat overwhelmed by the service, although he really shouldn't have been. After all, satisfying the customer is supposed to be what business is all about.

Our Annual Report gives a good picture of the diversified activities of Rockwell: for your copy, write Rockwell Manufacturing Company, 403 N. Lexington Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15208.



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MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Connoisseur's choice in 112 countries.



*Number 1 in America

From the Azores to Zanzibar, and in every American city in between, pipe smokers who demand the finest, light up with Amphora. Extra mild, slow-burning cool taste is the reason for Amphora's world-wide fame. Try a pouch of Amphora and discover how pleasing a pipe tobacco can be. Amphora... the great tobacco the Dutch ship here with pride.

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Sell TIME, LIFE and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED on campus. Liberal commissions. Write for details: Time Inc. College Bureau, TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



1968 U.S. OPEN CHAMP

Trevino Tips

"Don't let sand trap you."

"Getting out of the sand can be as easy as getting in. Just play the ball off your right heel, instead of your left. Hit firmly through the sand, two or three inches behind the ball. And close your clubface so the toe of the club strikes the sand before the ball.

If you do hit the ball directly, you can bet on a good crack. Unless, of course, it's a solid Faultless. Because no matter how you hit it, a Faultless ball is practically indestructible. Which means the only time you'll have to replace it... is if you lose it."



Faultless Golf Products, Division of Abbott Laboratories, North Chicago, Illinois 60064

shares. The price plunged, the insiders got margin calls, and many were sold out. European bankers, who had always viewed Cornfeld as a competitor and abhorred his company's hard-selling and high-living style, were hardly displease by his decline.

To conserve cash, Cornfeld's aides for weeks have been slashing at I.O.S.'s legendary overhead. Before his resignation, Cornfeld had stopped drawing his \$150,000 salary. Hundreds of executives and employees have been fired with two months' notice and given \$2,000 to get back home to the U.S. or elsewhere. They have lost painfully, but the major job now is to stop the panic and save the investments of the hundreds of thousands of people who put their trust—and their savings—in the hands of Bernie Cornfeld.

CORPORATIONS

How the 500 Fared

It used to be that a corporation's size, like a ship's, was a rough measure of its power and ability to weather adversity. In today's inclement business climate, that is no longer true. The companies on FORTUNE's 500 list, published this week, increased their net profits only an average 2% during 1969, compared with 3.1% for all industrial corporations. The largest companies seemed to fare the worst. Partly because many are in heavy industries that were particularly buffeted last year—aircraft, autos, oil—25 of the top 50 companies, and seven of the top ten, reported a profit decline.

There were eleven money losers among the 500, notably Ling-Temco-Vought, which went \$38,294,000 into the red, and Lockheed. The best performance was turned in by a newcomer to the list, Skyline, the Indiana-based maker of mobile homes that is headed by young Millionaire Arthur Decio (TIME, July 4). Its return on invested capital was 40.9%, a rate high enough to top Avon Products, which earned 35.8%. In terms of earnings calculated as a percentage of sales, the leader was Texas Gulf Sulphur, which earned 25.7%, despite a 10% sales decline.

Among the biggest companies in the top ten, General Motors was No. 1, as always, in sales, followed by Standard Oil of New Jersey, Ford Motor Co. and General Electric. IBM moved up to fifth place, and Chrysler down to sixth, just ahead of Mobil Oil and Texaco. The largest gain among the club ten was made by that exclusive club's sole newcomer and only conglomerate, ITT, which scored a 34.6% sales increase, boosting it into ninth place, ahead of Gulf Oil. U.S. Steel, a member of the club since the list was first published in 1955, dropped to twelfth spot this year, behind Western Electric. In all, 115 industrial firms had sales of more than \$1 billion, and a company had to ring up \$162 million to qualify for listing in the 500.

SHE WANTS 23 ROLLS OF
SAMOAN SUNRISE (AT \$6.00 PER) BY TOMORROW
AND YOU'VE ONLY GOT TWO ON HAND?



Greyhound it.

Greyhound Package Express is fast. Packages often arrive the same day, because they go by bus—right along with the passengers. 7 days a week, 24 hours a day, including

holidays. No high cost—and you can even ship collect. So whether you're a big businessman or a little lady with a package, just take it to a Greyhound terminal and *Greyhound it!*



Greyhound Package Express



BOOKS



JANET FRAME
The company of weather.

Back to Nightmare

INTENSIVE CARE by Janet Frame. 342 pages. Braziller. \$6.95.

To New Zealand's Janet Frame, history is a hereditary malignancy that engulfs the present and dooms the future to madness, loneliness and death. *Intensive Care*, her eighth novel, continues her preoccupation with the subject. At one point, she even spells history "hiss-tree," linking it uncomfortably with Eden's serpent. "All dreams," she writes, "lead back to the nightmare garden."

This is the theme that runs through the novel, a combination of poetry and narrative that culminates in a vision of a utopia in which ideals have metastasized like cancer cells. The place is Waipori City, New Zealand; the time, post-World War III—or maybe IV. In the world's blighted aftermath, conditions require such measures as the Human Delineation Act, which computerizes the population into those who are allowed to live and those who are unnecessary and must die. The latter are officially known as "animals."

Splendor of Numbers. There are tranquilizers in the water supply and Sleep Days to smudge the memory of a disorderly but more vital past. Blasted trees and frizzled grass have been replaced by plastic imitations. Numbers have replaced words as the most artful means of expression. Says Mr. Colin Monk, an H.D.A. administrator: "How I admire the immunity of numbers, their untouchability, their inaccessibility: every moment they shine, newly bathed, concealing, never acknowledging the dark work they do."

Despite the safety and power of his position, Monk is slightly disturbed. He

introduces into his description of the Waipori millennium the exercise books of a retarded girl named Milly Galbraith. Hers is the traditional tale told by the classic simpleton that unwittingly speaks the truth. As Milly wonders about her fate under the H.D.A., her naive narration and bad spelling redeem words from the neutrality of numbers.

Eventually Milly is carted off with the other "animals." But as time goes on, the government is unable to completely eliminate the animal roots in man. They reassert themselves as a powerful nostalgia for the "animals." Enforcement of the H.D.A. slackens, and the deformed, the insane and the defective become the new elite. Madness and destruction ensue. "All dreams lead back to the nightmare garden."

Personal Obsessions. Despite such familiar dystopian details, *Intensive Care* has little in common with the average science-fiction novel, far more with social-commentary-as-critique such as Orwell's 1984 and Butler's *Erewhon*. It is rich in cultural context, metaphor and literary allusions. Like old European nursery rhymes, Miss Frame's dialogue disguises underlying horror with a lilting surface. Characters compulsively chase their dreams back to the nightmare garden where Miss Frame magically transforms personal obsessions into her climactic vision of general apocalypse.

Madness and violence are seen as the tragic lengths individuals and societies will resort to in order to prevent the obliteration of their identities or collective memories. The great fear is that of being stranded in a void, of being so alone that one's very existence is in doubt. As Miss Frame expresses it in the poetry that threads the novel: "It is the company of weather I crave in this weatherless room/ the thermometer reads me only." In the Waipori of the future, the problem of establishing existence would be even more terrifying. If a plastic tree topples into the vinyl grass, does it make a sound if the forest is not electronically bugged?

Desire for Desire

NUNQUAM by Lawrence Durrell. 318 pages. E.P. Dutton. \$7.95.

An Irishman raised in India, Lawrence Durrell is a kind of Barney arnet in swami's turban. In *The Alexandria Quartet*, the illusions were so masterly as to seem substance enough. In *Tunc*, Durrell's 1968 novel, and now in its sequel, *Nunquam*, Durrell's virtuosity has slipped sufficiently to leave him exposed as a bit of a trickster. His hand is no longer quicker than the reader's eye, and many critics have clobbered him.

Nunquam is no *Justine*, but it is better than its detractors are saying. Like Novelist Frame, he too seems more concerned with what will be than what has

been. Certainly, his plot is stock *Brave New World*. Julian, the boss of a sinister superorganization known only as "the firm," orders up a sex-goddess robot modeled after a dead movie star, Iolanthe, whom he once loved. Due to circumstances that occurred in another time and another place, Julian is a eunuch, empty of everything but the desire for desire—what Durrell calls "the enormous cupidity of impotence." Once constructed, Iolanthe II defeats him. With her warm nylon skin and electronic memory-bank brain, she behaves more humanly than he does, thinks more briskly than he can. In the end, eunuch and robot, in mutual exasperation, fall to their death in each other's embrace, like lovers in an old-fashioned melodrama.

The trouble is that the whole plot seems to have been programmed by one of Julian's own computers, with Author Durrell more intent on manipulating his symbols than exploring his characters.

Still, if one can take *Nunquam* as a sideshow, the minor Durrell delights are there. Who else would write, "The cinema is the No play of the Yes-Man"? And where else, in the year 1970, is there a novelist inclined to describe the aftereffects of a concussion as "darkness hanging like a Japanese print of an extinct volcano"?

All This, and Terence Too

"It's awfully short. It's unabashedly sentimental. But before the end I cried and cried and cried—for 45 minutes. Then I washed my face and finished the book." That about sums up what anyone might say after reading *Love Story*. But coming from the book's author, it is more of a surprise.

Author Erich Segal is 32, and a classics professor at Yale. But he is also a

VERNON HEWITT—LIFE



ERICH SEGAL ON HIS CONSTITUTIONAL
Enough and then some.

All watch movements
except this one
start going out of adjustment
as soon as they are adjusted.



Accutron Date and Day "A": One-piece case and band in 14k solid gold. Hand-applied numerals and markers on silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. \$650. Other styles from \$110.

All those other watches have a problem. Imperceptible at first, its effects build up relentlessly with the passage of time.

The problem is the oil in the balance wheel bearings: it deteriorates with every day that goes by. As the oil deteriorates, friction builds up and the watch starts to go out of adjustment.

The Accutron® watch, on the other hand, doesn't have this problem. It's the *only* watch movement in the world that doesn't use a balance wheel. It uses a tuning fork, and the tuning fork *doesn't have any bearings*. So the accuracy of our tuning fork isn't dependent upon oil.

This also means that Accutron doesn't have to be cleaned every year or two, as

balance wheel watches do. (And cleanings frequently cost a significant fraction of what you paid for the watch originally.)

Now you know one of the reasons why Bulova can guarantee the accuracy of Accutron to within a minute a month.* When the watch can stay in adjustment, it's a big help.

Accutron® by Bulova. The most accurate watch in the world.

*Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if purchased from an authorized Accutron dealer and returned to him within one year of date of purchase. © Bulova Watch Co.

calculating purveyor of tears. He figured that he had to make women cry if the book was going to take off at all, but he is delighted that men cry too. "I can give you a list," he says gleefully, "of all the guys at the New York Times who cried over my book."

The object of all this compassion is *Love Story's* heroine, Jenny Cavillari. She is only a baker's daughter from Cranston, R.I., but her brains got her into Radcliffe, where she catches the eye of Oliver Barrett IV, scion of generations of Bostonian bluebloods. When they marry, Ollie is cut off by his father, struggles through his law-school years, finally lands a good job with a Wall Street firm. Then Jenny dies of leukemia. Ollie falls into his father's arms and—that's right—cries.

To the Bone. The book's main charm, and it is considerable, is the character of Jenny. She is brash, forthright and funny. When Ollie gets pompous, she calls him "Preppie." When he reaches for a martyr's mantle, she points out that he is probably in love with her "negative social status." Says Segal: "I call it to-the-bone truth. She sees through him, as true love does."

Jenny's vocabulary includes a sprinkling of four-letter words, but there is no explicit sex in the novel. In the age of *Pornoy's Complaint* and *The Adventurers*, Segal worried that the omission might even keep the book from being published. "I thought people would say, 'Why, Segal can't even write a sex scene.' But my commitment to my characters overrode my ego and my commercial sense. Two is love. Four—adding the writer and the reader—is an orgy."

It is Segal's luck that his chaste romance turned out to be just what Middle America was yearning for. *Love Story* now tops the bestseller list and Segal is deluged by offers for movies, plays and more books. But he bristles at any suggestion that he is some kind of *Wunderkind*. "I worked and learned from flop to flop. Everything I've got has been a hassle."

He is equal to nearly any hassle. He has so much energy that he runs ten miles a day to burn off the excess. He does not drink, eats at what he calls "the antipodes of the day," and works like a Trojan the rest of the time.

Double Duty. The son of a New York rabbi, he graduated from Brooklyn's Midwood High, where Woody Allen was a contemporary. Then came Harvard and graduate school and the first of the flops. It was called *Sing Muse*, a spoof on the classics that Segal was teaching, and it was written as a Harvard house musical. It was good enough to attract an off-Broadway producer, but outside the congenial confines of the academic atmosphere, it lasted only 39 performances.

Thereafter Segal pursued two careers—one as a classics scholar, the other as a show-biz writer and lyricist. He acquired an agent, Sylvia Hersher, who

got him an awesome line of trivial jobs being a play nurse if not a play doctor. "I was the guy who came in when all the percentages were gone. Sylvia would say, 'I've got this kid you can have for him the \$50.' But I acquired *ars et ingenium*—that's Horace."

The Segal saga goes on with scarcely a hitch. "The phone rings. I'm just finishing my Euripides book. It's Big Al Brodax, producer of *The Yellow Submarine*, begging me to come to London. The script is terrible, and the Beatles are retiring to Ringo's house to meditate their way to a better script. All that fall I teach three classes at Yale on Thursday, board Pan Am Flight 2 to London, run around Hyde Park

Yale. He has no plans to marry now. His last girl told him he loved his schedule more than he loved her, and Segal knows a to-the-bone truth when he hears one.

What is Segal running so hard to achieve? He likes to answer by quoting Catullus: "*Satis superque*—enough and then some."

Slow-Kindled Courage

THE NETHERLANDS AT WAR: 1940-1945 by Walter B. Maass. 264 pages. Abelard-Schuman. \$6.95.

For most Americans, the story of The Netherlands during the second World War is the story of a life in the attic: *The Diary of a Young Girl* by

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HERMANN GOERING IN ROTTERDAM (1940)
Barricades and bureaucrats.

twice, and go right to the studio, Fantastic."

And Next. Segal's apprenticeship had finally paid off. *Yellow Submarine* was a critical and popular success. In addition to the movie version of *Love Story*, which will star his old friend Ali MacGraw, he has completed scripts for 20th Century-Fox's *The Games*, about runners, and Stanley Kramer's *R.P.M.*, which features Anthony Quinn as a college professor on a rebellious campus. He is working on a play for Broadway called *Still Life* which he describes as "something between Harold Pinter and Neil Simon." Then, in his scholarly persona, he is finishing an extensive treatise on the Roman playwright Terence.

Though his writing has made him rich, he plans to go on teaching and translating. "I know the works I teach are more important than the ones I write," he says. He appears to have enough drive and discipline to handle both careers. A bachelor, he lives quietly in a flat in Ezra Stiles College at

Anne Frank. What this concise new history of the Dutch experience demonstrates is that at the end of five years of Nazi occupation, the country itself had become a kind of attic of history—cold, cramped, empty of food, a dangerous refuge that the occupiers could still ransack to find men for their labor camps—but so strategically insignificant that it was bypassed by the liberators until the very end.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the changes wrought by the occupation than two wartime jokes that Author Walter Maass—a Vienna-born chemist who worked with the Dutch resistance—retells in his book. In 1940, when the occupation began, the Dutch stores were so well stocked that German officers spent much of their time shopping for delicacies unavailable at home; a British agent in a German uniform was caught, the story goes, because he wasn't carrying any packages. In 1945, the humor was more of the gallows variety: facing a German firing squad, two Dutch boys smile when they are

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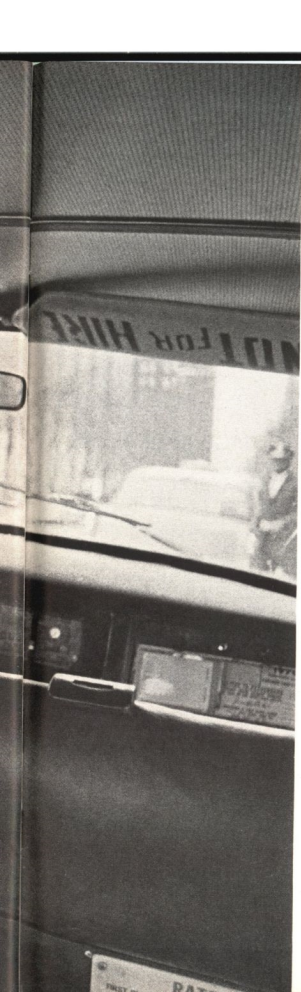
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told that their sentence has been changed to hanging. "They are losing the war," says one to the other with satisfaction. "They lack ammunition."

The Dutch sense of humor may have persisted during the ordeal; very little else did. The Dutch surrendered to the Germans shortly after invasion, only hours after the bombing of Rotterdam and with only 2,100 army dead; they meant to survive. For the first three years of the war, most of the Dutch went about their business with inexplicable efficiency. The trains operated on time even when they began carrying Jews off to concentration camps. Then two things began to affect the Dutch mood: the growing hope for an Allied victory, and the increased tyranny of the conquerors. Reprisals soared. The country was stripped of consumables. Out of hope and anger came courage.

In the most vivid passages of Maass's book, the railroad workers finally rebel. In September 1944, the nation's trains simply grind to a halt. But the gesture is both too late and too early. An airborne invasion is stopped at Arnhem, and Allied forces drive past The Netherlands into Germany. Crippled by their lack of transportation, the Dutch freeze and starve. In January 1945, the food ration is down to 500 calories a day; families eat tulip bulbs and "roof rabbit"—cats and dogs. Bread on the black market is \$27 a loaf. Abandoned houses are torn up for firewood. Not until just before the German surrender do Allied food drops begin.

"Barriades are rarely built by bureaucrats," writes Author Maass in explanation of the slow-kindling Dutch resistance. But sometimes circumstances drive them to that point, and Maass's book—orderly and stolid as the people he writes about—derives its fascination from showing it happen.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Deliverance, Dickey (4)
4. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (3)
5. The Godfather, Puzo (9)
6. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow (7)
7. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (5)
8. Great Lion of God, Caldwell
9. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel (10)
10. Losing Battles, Welty (8)

NONFICTION

1. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (2)
2. Up the Organization, Townsend (1)
3. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (3)
4. The New English Bible (4)
5. Sensuous Woman, "J"
6. Love and Will, May (5)
7. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (9)
8. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (6)
9. The American Heritage Dictionary (8)
10. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (7)

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	8.0 sec.	21.7 sec.	15.7 sec.	86 mph	245 bhp	Yes	Yes
Maserati Ghibli (Italy) Statistical Source: Car & Driver, Sept., 1968							
	7.7 sec.	19.8 sec.	15.8 sec.	90 mph	330 bhp	Si	No
Mercedes-Benz 280 SL (Germany) Statistical Source: Road & Track, June, 1969							
	9.9 sec.	30.5 sec.	17.1 sec.	80 mph	180 bhp	Nein	Nein
Porsche 911E (Germany) Statistical Source: Road & Track, January, 1969							
	8.4 sec.	22.5 sec.	16.0 sec.	83 mph	160 bhp	Nein	Ja



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CINEMA

Between Two Schools

Revolution has gone to college to get its decree, and the phenomenon has not escaped the makers of *Getting Straight*. With cynical dispatch, they have trained a high-powered telescope on that bit of scorched earth known as the radicalized campus. But in their haste to capitalize



GOULD RAMPAGING IN "GETTING STRAIGHT"
One step from *Batman* to *Don Quixote*.

on the avalanche of recent headlines, the planners made one miscalculation: they are peering down the wrong end. The people are turned into midgets, major issues are trivialized, and what might have been incisive farce is turned into insult comedy.

Viet Nam Veteran Harry Bailey (El-liott Gould) returns to a university for his M.A. in education. Older than the New Left, younger than the Old Guard, Harry falls between two schools. Ideologically unencumbered, he teaches the joys of lit. to a class of semiliterate teen-agers—and the joys of sex to Jan (Candice Bergen). But before anyone can say Mark Rudd or Ronald Reagan, the campus is aflame, cops begin beating on kids, and though Harry quietly rejects the stance of the radicals, he maniacally attacks the pose of the administration. Seething at Harry's rebellion, a ring of professors conspires to bar him from the teaching profession. Not that Harry minds. "It's not what you do," he declares staunchly, "it's what you are!"

Like Lightbulbs. That motto is typical of Robert Kaufman's pseudosociological scenario, which mistakes words for thoughts and bruises for incisions. ("You're not a woman," yells Harry at Jan. "You're just a guy with a hole in the middle!") When the hero finds a Mexican-American student reading a comic

book, he encourages him to study a higher work of similar intent. Back comes a note. "I finish *Batman* and because of what Mr. Bailey say I go to the library and read *Don Quixote*." Anyone who believes that those two opuses can be negotiated with a single step understands neither Cervantes nor Bob Kane.

The dialogue is merely specious; it is the attitudes that are openly corrupt. The film's war protester is Junkie Nick Filbert (Robert F. Lyons). To avoid the draft he woos a black woman with a large family, tries to flee to Canada, and attempts to convince an Army examiner that he is a raving queer. When none of the dodges work, he enlists in the Marines and becomes more gung-ho than John Wayne, only to slip back to his spaced-out civilian soul when he is pronounced psychologically unfit. The only implication left is that antiwar demonstrators can be mechanically switched on and off.

Plaster Casting. *Getting Straight* would thus seem to be aimed at the silent majority, but that would be crediting it with a species of integrity; the film is out for everyone's patronage regardless of taste or creed. Suddenly arguing for the dissenters, Bailey screams at the college president: "You can't hold back the hands on the clock; they'll rip your arms off!"

If the film refuses to take sides with its characters, it adopts a firm stand toward its actors: it is against them. Producer-Director Richard Rush sets his cast at shriek level. Even the elegant Candice Bergen, who at last seems ready to break through plaster casting (*The Magus*, *The Adventurers*), is given too much to yell and not enough to say. El-liott Gould is a natural clown; his hands are an act in themselves, and his hair seems to be coiling for a strike. Yet only once does *Getting Straight* allow him an original scene. At the oral exam for his degree, Harry Bailey is called upon to defend his thesis. The conversation shifts to a discussion of *The Great Gatsby*, and soon a professor trots out his own thesis—that F. Scott Fitzgerald was a homosexual. The voices grow louder and the arguments more indistinct, simultaneously reducing hero—and institution—to victims.

Touched by Human Hands

For years rumor has had it that all Universal Pictures films are made by a giant computer. If so, *The Forbin Project* is the machine's *apologia pro vita sua*, a razzle-dazzle science fiction yarn about a computer takeover. It was made—at least according to the screen credits—by humans, but the film's rigorous plotting, its smooth suspense and meticulously calculated style seem strictly and triumphantly machine-made.

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manages America's defense by doing everything from monitoring intelligence data to launching missiles. Colossus is a self-contained unit that, once sealed, can never be tampered with again, not even by Forbin himself. "Can it think creatively?" a journalist asks the good doctor. "No," is the firm reply. The fool.

At a presidential party inaugurating the computer, Colossus flashes a brief, cryptic message: "THERE IS ANOTHER SYSTEM." The Soviets have created a similar computer, called Guardian, and the two machines curly inform their human creators that they yearn to be interconnected. The respective governments at first refuse, but missiles launched by the computers at a couple of strategic military targets are powerfully persuasive. From then on it's Colossus-Guardian all the way. The combined brains murder and create, dominate and control mankind, all for the greater good. "Freedom is an illusion," the machine announces in a raspy voice of its own contrivance. "The only thing mankind will lose under my control is the useless emotion pride. In time, you will even come to love me."

It is a good deal easier to love the movie, which succeeds on its own level as a full-out piece of entertainment. The actors—Braeden, Susan Clark, Gordon Pinsent, William Schallert—all perform with precision, and Director Joseph Sargent keeps things moving along at a pace more rapid than a galloping pulse. His camera eye is restless and intricate; he seems to have learned a great deal from John Frankenheimer. The real star of the show, however, is Colossus, portrayed by a real computer complex at Universal City studios. If it only can avoid typecasting, it has a solid future in show business.



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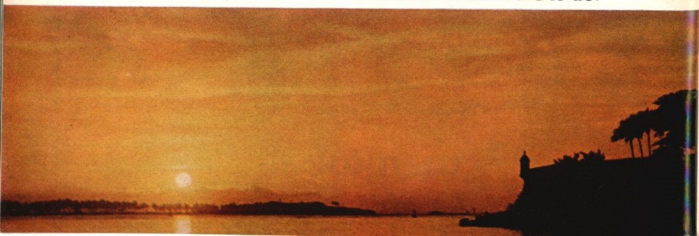
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Son of Greetings

Greetings, it may be recalled, was a freaky little low-budget comedy about college kids, the draft and politics that enjoyed some success a season or so ago. Much of it shot wide of the mark, but a few scenes (notably a satire on assassination investigators) hit close enough for Writer-Director Brian De Palma and Producer Charles Hirsch to be called "promising," and to get them a major distributor's financing for a sequel. *Hi, Mom!* is the uneven result.

Originally and more aptly titled *Son of Greetings*, the movie chronicles the further adventures of Jon Rubin (Robert De Niro), one of the stalwarts of the original film. Returned from Viet Nam, Jon gets right into the swing of things by buying a 16-mm. camera and becoming the protégé of a pudgy master pornographer. He sets up his tripod in his tenement apartment and plays a Peeping Tom game of *Rear Window* with the tenants of the massive co-op across the way. He even winds up marrying one of them (Jennifer Salt). By this time his film career has gone sour, his debut in radical theater has been a bust, and his new calling as "an urban guerrilla" seems threatened by the balm of matrimony and impending fatherhood.

There are occasional flickers of satiric hilarity, but too many of the jokes seem feeble and rather desperate. The best episode in *Hi, Mom!* is a re-creation of a guerrilla-theater confrontation between a troupe of angry black actors and a group of gullible suburban honkies who just have to see what being black is like. The episode is tense, electric, terrifying, and suggests that next time around, Movie-makers De Palma and Hirsch might forsake satire for drama. "Promising" is still the word for them.

Collision of Ideas

Jean-Luc Godard faces off with rock, drugs and the black revolution in *Sympathy for the Devil*; the result is pretty much a stalemate. The film is fragmented, delirious and didactic, sometimes to the point of stupor. But it displays the incontestable energy and stylistic daring that have made Godard the cinema's foremost pop essayist.

Sympathy for the Devil,^{*} filmed in London in 1968, is rather formally divided into sections: Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones performing the title tune over and over again in a recording studio; a group of black guerrillas bloodying white girls and reading excerpts from black writers in an auto graveyard; and a wraithlike creature named Eve Democracy (Anne Wiazemski) wandering through the woods, giving an interview to a pursuing film crew. A narrator intrudes from time to time to read selections from a mythical political-pornographic novel ("You're my kind of girl, Pepita," said Pope Paul as he lay down on the grass") that are

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it in an ordinary gin bottle.
Charles Tanqueray*

^{*} A slightly different version is titled *I+I*.

DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN LONDON, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 54.6 PROOF, IMPORTED BY JAMES M. MCCUNN & CO., INC., N.Y.

Why on earth would you want to practice medicine in Coon Rapids, Iowa?

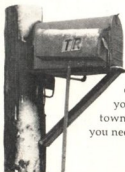
COON RAPIDS? The name alone is almost too much. Sounds like a bend in the river about a thousand miles from nowhere, right?

Wrong. Coon Rapids is a picture-book community just a sixty-minute drive from Des Moines. That's close enough for all the shopping, wining and dining you can handle every week. But most important, Doctor, it means you can keep in close touch with the academic world of medicine.

Play golf? If it hasn't been convenient before, the Coon Rapids course will change that. Fine schools, churches and a library will make family life convenient, too.

FARMHOUSE CLINIC? So Coon Rapids is near Iowa's capital. It's still probably a farm town. You'll probably have to hang your shingle on a screen door, right?

Wrong. Not in Coon Rapids. The townspeople have already built you a clinic. They're a bit proud of it. It's a two-doctor clinic with all the trimmings—from plush carpeting to a lead-lined X-Ray room. But there's no equipment. That's where you come in. You line it up. The town will help arrange any financing you need.



Carcinoma Johnson) is thinking of retiring from his part-time Coon Rapids practice. But he will cover for you when you want to get away.

SPECIALISTS? Perish the thought. You'll be lucky to find a midwife, right?

Wrong again. To start with, one of the finest extended-care facilities around is in Coon Rapids. Registered nurses are on duty 24 hours a day. This 44-bed nursing home puts extra help at your doorstep.

Specialists? Count them. Two surgeons, one urologist, two OBG men, two internists, two pathologists, one EENT man, one radiologist and one orthopedic surgeon. All just twenty minutes away at a 110-bed hospital. It's about to undergo a \$6,000,000 face-lifting. Oh yes, you most certainly will have staff privileges.

And you should know that Dr. C. A. Johnson (U. of Ill. '27, class name:

CHICKENS AND CANDIED TURNIPS?

Something you saw in a Lionel Barrymore movie says you wouldn't like to get paid by the pound, bushel or jar. Relax.

Coon Rapids is a business town. Just about everybody is covered by medical insurance. And the rest of the 5,000 people in the trading area do pretty well.

Matter of fact, they see their way clear to building you a house. Rent it, or pay it off as you grow into the community.

These are just some of the reasons you might want to practice medicine in Coon Rapids. There's no need to tell you these people need a doctor.

You. Why not get the details? Just drop me a line. Better yet, call me collect:

Chas. W. Thomas
Medical Center Association
Coon Rapids, Iowa 50058
Office—712-684-2211
Home—712-684-2288



The case against Tuesday.

There is a small but vocal element in our midst which thinks this Tuesday thing (as you know, we have appointed Tuesday the day to drink Teacher's Scotch) is a lot of tomfoolery.



This group feels strongly that we should place our advertising emphasis on Teacher's uniquely mellow flavour and its distinguished Highland lineage.

They may well be right. We have therefore grudgingly agreed to an impartial research study to compare the merits of the two approaches.

But don't make any other plans for Tuesday.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous



He needs a mind of his own.

In East Europe, there's a whole generation of youngsters like him.
To make his own decisions, he needs the facts, news, world opinion.

He needs Radio Free Europe.

For information, write Box 1970, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



JAGGER IN "SYMPATHY"
Actors used as mouthpieces.

outrageous and very funny. The result of the separate episodes, however, is not a coherence of ideas or images, but merely a collision.

Raunchy Liturgy. For years, Godard's films have been essentially free-association essays. Recently he has become less interested in culture than in politics. Films like *Le Gai Savoir*, for example, are basically director's monologues, with actors as mouthpieces and the audience made mute witness to sometimes incoherent polemics. *Sympathy for the Devil* is a kind of transitional work, an attempt, albeit unsuccessful, to blend aesthetics and revolutionary politics. Unfortunately, Godard's symbolism is shopworn. The automobile graveyard as a symbol of Decadent Culture is as much a cliché of the New Cinema as riding off into the sunset was of the Old. Godard's constant use of acrostics, anagrams and linguistic puns ("Cinemarkism," "Freudemocracy") reads like old issues of *TIME*. The Stones' song, which through constant repetition becomes a raunchy liturgy, is musically outstanding but lyrically pretentious. "And I shouted out, 'Who killed the Kennedys?'/When after all it was you and me," typifies the level of political sophistication in much of the film.

As is usual with Godard, many of the images—like a climactic one of the bloody corpse of Eve Democracy being borne aloft on a camera crane—are crazily beautiful, and the photography is impeccable. Godard makes films quickly and cheaply. If they lack consistent intellectual quality, they possess a vigorous timeliness. Godard is like a manic eclectic, rebounding from issue to issue, composing a body of work that in years to come may look like nothing so much as a cracked mirror of our time.



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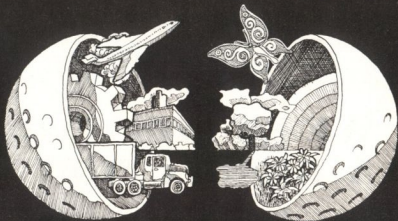
For further information write:

Michael P. Kahn, President
Investors Worldwide Properties, Inc.
Head Office
Transamerica Building
Tucson, Arizona 85701

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Electronic development timer. Electronic shutter and electric eye for automatic exposures. (Even for flash.) Indoor black-and-white shots without flash. Optional accessories for portraits and close-ups.

All Polaroid Countdown Land cameras call you when your picture is finished. And they start at under \$80.

This one's under \$160 and it waits on you hand and foot.

The Countdown Cameras from Polaroid.



How to prove there are martini men who don't know which end of their stirrer is up.

Here's a fun-game to play at your local libatorium, and at the same time stump Mr. Know-It-All of gin.

Order three martinis from the bartender. But make sure your friend doesn't see any of the labels.

Mark one martini "C" for Calvert. One "B" for his brand (that high-hatted British stuff). And one "A" for the kind that tries

so hard to be terr-ibly Brrr-itysh.

Let him taste any one. In any order.

Now ask which martini he liked best...

When stripped of all psychological snobbery isn't it amazing how many martini men choose Calvert?

Calvert Gin 100% Dry



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